*Week ending April 9 1955*
*Every Wednesday Fourpence*

# JOHN BULL

'HIGH ADVENTURE'

## My Gamble for Everest Victory by SIR EDMUND HILLARY

## Could Britain beat off an atomic attack?

by Air Chief Marshal

## SIR PHILIP JOUBERT

'THE LITTLE WALLS'

by WINSTON GRAHAM

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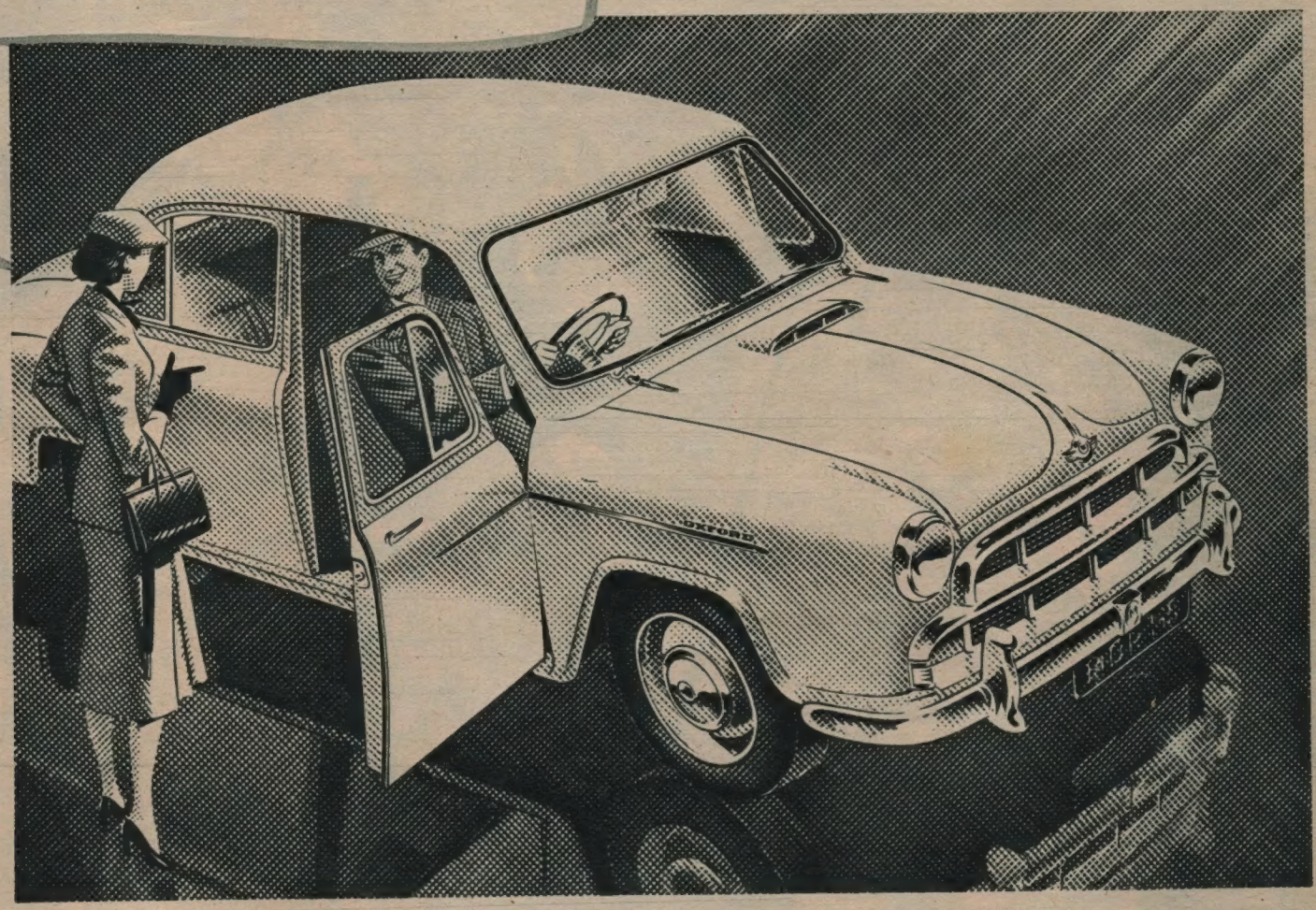


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## EDITORIAL

# Strangled traffic

RUSH-HOUR traffic in the main streets of central London now travels at less than five miles an hour. Horse trams went faster.

In Manchester, the rush-hour pace is very little greater; Mancunians call it the Cheadle Crawl—but it is not only on the southward road to Cheadle Hulme that it occurs. In Birmingham, the city's centre has been turned into a one-way maze in an effort to keep the traffic moving.

Throughout Britain, traffic is strangling itself by its own volume. A yearly 3 per cent increase, the Ministry of Transport estimates, will bring rush-hour London to a standstill in fifteen years.

WHAT can be done? The first job is to put a finger on the cause of the trouble. It is the multiplication of private cars. There are now three million of them on British roads—as many as the total of all vehicles that virtually the same roads carried in 1938. They are increasing by 150,000 each year. Hundreds of thousands of car owners drive daily into the towns and cities, and park their cars while they sit in their offices. About 20,000 cars are parked every day along seventy-five per cent of central London's kerbs.

SIR PATRICK ABERCROMBIE
*"Keep cars out of the towns"*

Of 77,000 vehicles passing Hyde Park Corner daily, 9,000 are buses and coaches, 15,000 are taxis, and 31,000 are private cars, many carrying only one person each; the rest are commercial vehicles.

Other towns are proportionately choked. In total, traffic jams are costing the nation an estimated £77 million a year in wasted fuel and time.

What is so alarming is that stop-gap measures being taken by Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter, the Transport Minister, are the wrong ones. He is applying no-waiting, no-parking and no-unloading rules in certain streets. As compensation he is extending parking in others, and is thinking of experimenting with parking meters.

IT is time we listened again to Sir Patrick Abercrombie, Britain's leading town-planner, and co-author of the County of London plan.

"To provide more central parking—such as under squares—will only encourage people to drive right in," he says. "Soon there will be saturation point again.

"Induce them to keep out. Build ring roads, as I long ago recommended, with plenty of garages where people can leave their cars and go on to the centre by public transport."

For the sake of public sanity—and £77 million a year—let us listen to Abercrombie's common sense while town traffic can still crawl at walking pace.

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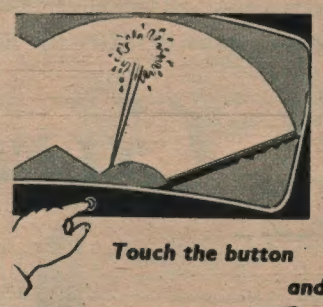

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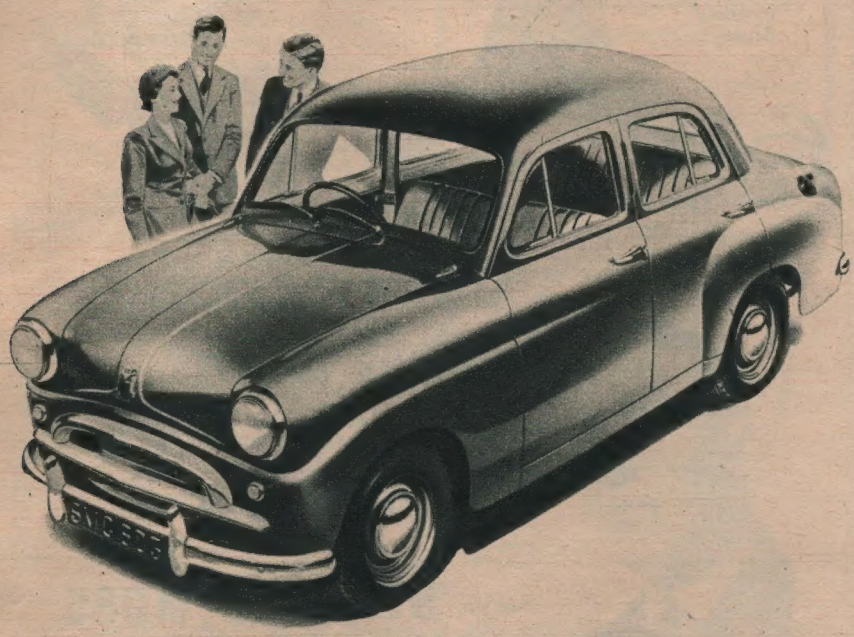

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## FREE SPEECH

# Spending was their way of saving

WHEN we were married in 1936, my wife and I began saving for a house. By the time war broke out we had nearly £300 in the bank, but when we started to think about house-buying again, seven years later, our money had a quarter of its original value.

Our neighbours in the flat above started married life in the same year. But instead of saving, they bought a car and furnished their flat expensively with crystal glass, silverware and antique furniture.

Now we find that they are much better off than we are. Their 1939 car is still worth more than they paid for it; they could sell their household goods for three or four times their cost—and all along they've had a higher standard of living than ours. They have saved money by being spendthrifts.—VICTOR BUXTON, Derby.

### *Pit Stops*

MRS. HICKMAN'S idea of reshuffling school holidays so that families can go away at more suitable times ("Free Speech," March 12), has been thought of in this county.

My children recently brought home a form which asked us when we intended going on holiday in 1956. Collieries in the district close down completely for the summer holiday, and the school terms are adjusted accordingly.—MRS. A. THOMPSON, Rowlands Gill, Co. Durham.

*Many Durham collieries close down for a fortnight in June or July, and this year, for the first time, primary schools will do the same. Easter and summer school holidays have been adjusted.*

### *Mystery Tour*

WHY is it that so many people are hopeless at giving directions to streets in their own districts? As an insurance agent I walk many unnecessary miles through being misled.

The other day, for instance, I asked at a butcher's shop for the location of a certain road. The butcher directed me, six other people in the area offered guidance, but still I failed to find the road. Eventually

I learned at the local police station that the street was within a stone's throw of the butcher's shop—but in the opposite direction.

It seems that people would rather pretend to know their districts than admit that, quite frankly, they haven't the faintest idea.—E. CRAVEN, Milford Street, Salford.

### *Mermail*

WHEN I crossed the Pacific in a tramp steamer, we stopped at several islands to collect and deliver mail.

At one—Niuafoou, in the Tongan group—we had to fish the mail out of the ocean; the island has no harbour, so letters are sealed in cans and brought out to ships by swimmers or canoes. They are franked "Tin Can Mail."

On board our ship was a supply of canisters for delivering mail to Niuafoou. They were thrown overboard for the swimmers to collect.—B. STYLES, Falkirk.

### *Off-licence*

ALL this talk about the price of tea brings back to mind one of my earliest memories: Mr. Gladstone's "Free Breakfast Table Act," in 1869. Up to that time, tea, coffee and cocoa shops had to have licences—like tobacconists today. Mr. Gladstone's law ended the restrictions.

The price of best tea tumbled down to half a crown a pound. But even at that price there was quite a demand for water from a well at Holbeck, Leeds, which was supposed to make stronger tea. It used to be hawked in the streets at about twopence a gallon. — H. CROWTHER, Bramley, Leeds.

### *Heave-to*

STANLEY HERBERT'S cover painting of a family moving house (JOHN BULL, March 5), pinpointed a common masculine trait: an insatiable appetite for old news. And April—spring-cleaning time—is the high season.

Last week my husband offered to help me clear out the boxroom. We were getting along fine—until we discovered the remains of a bulky prewar newspaper. It was a special edition covering the maiden voyage of the liner Queen Mary. I had to down tools while my assistant read it from cover to cover.—MRS. F. WOOD, Bath, Somerset.

### *Doctors' Decipher*

THE reader who complained of the "indecipherable dog-latin" of doctors' prescriptions ("Free Speech," February 12), might be reassured by the following simple example—a remedy for heart trouble.

The prescription, without abbreviations and contractions would be: *Recipe* (take thou), *Potassi Acetatis drachmae quinque* (five drams of acetate of potassium), *Tincturae Digitalis drachmam unam* (one dram of tincture of digitalis), *Syrupi Auranti unciam unam* (one ounce of syrup of orange peel). *Decoctum Scoparii ad uncias octo* (decoction of broom up to eight ounces). *Misce, fiat mistura* (mix, let a mixture be made). *Capiat cochlearia duo magna quarta quaeque hora ex paululo aquae* (Let him take two large spoonfuls every four hours in a little water).

The abbreviation for the chemist

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

***NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL***

## KENNETH MORE

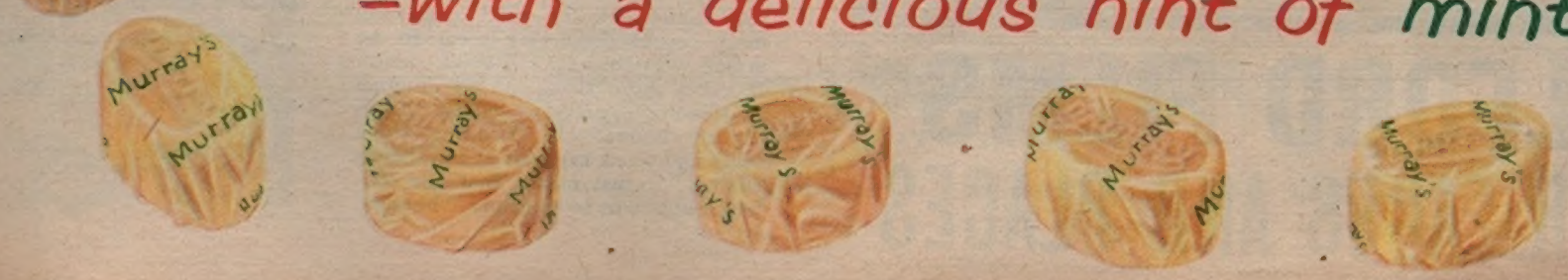
**He's a fiery star who uses films as a boxing ring—and punches hard**

**by JACK ATACK**

# Murraymints the too-good-to-hurry mints

There is no way of doing justice in words to the pleasure of MURRAYMINTS. Do try them for yourself. You'll find them absolutely fascinating. They're hard, with a creamy smoothness, and they have a delicate hint of mint that's most refreshing. MURRAYMINTS last a wonderfully long time! They cost only 8d. a quarter.

## —with a delicious hint of mint!



"It must be tea-time!"

He wasn't posing. He was just beginning to show his exasperation when 'snap' went the camera—which just goes to show that fascinating Faces and Places turn up at the most unlikely times. Don't let them escape you. Take them now and hold them for the future.

Make sure of a well-packed album of exciting snaps by using Ilford films. They fit all popular cameras and you'll get a good picture every time.

ILFORD FILMS
FOR FACES AND PLACES




## FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

would appear as: ℞ *Pot. acet.* ℥v; *Tinct. Digitalis* ℥i; *Syr. Aurantii* ℥i; *Dec. Scoparii ad* ℥viii. *Misce, fiat mist. Cpt. cochl. mag. ii 4 ta. q.q. hora ex paul aquae.*—T. DOWNING, Stanwick Road, W.14.

### Celestial Curry

INDIAN peasants are, as a rule, very wary of the aids to comfortable living that we take for granted. But one gadget they have accepted quite happily is a "solar cooker."

This is a concave sheet of metal that concentrates the sun's rays on a saucepan. It has about a third of the power of an electric hotplate, and works best with a pressure

cooker—but it's doubtful whether the Indian peasants will accept that idea too. The sun cookers I saw in Allahabad used the traditional earthenware pots.—S. REEVES, Coventry.

*One of the first "solar cookers" was presented to Pandit Nehru, Prime Minister of India, three years ago. In the photograph, his chef is putting cabbage on to cook in a pressure cooker.*

### Practical Training

AS about a hundred Londoners were crowding into an underground train carriage designed to carry fifty, a very small porter was offering useless advice.

"Move down the car," he shouted finally, "there's plenty of room." A burly student jammed against a partition took a quick look round at the packed carriage. "Well you come in and find it," he said, and just as the doors shut he dragged the porter bodily into the train.

Having been squashed against the door for five minutes, it was a much humbler porter who staggered away at the next station.—S. BRANNAN, Kilburn, London.

### Food For Thought

AFTER reading your editorial "Fiddling with Food" (JOHN BULL, March 5), the public needs to be assured that British millers and bakers produce the best bread in the world.

It has been decisively proved that agene in bread is not harmful. Two adult volunteers lived for eight weeks on a diet containing flour agenized at twenty-four grams to 280 pounds—three times the normal rate—and no ill effects were noted. Tests on children, too, have given negative results. — JOHN DUXFIELD, Lathom, Ormskirk.

*Though the Minister of Food agreed that there was no evidence to suggest that agene was harmful to human beings, the government decided, at the end of last year, to stop millers using agenized flour. The experiments with agene were carried out by the Medical Research Council in 1949.*

### High Finance

CONGRATULATIONS on the first instalments of Sir Edmund Hillary's story "High Adventure" (JOHN BULL, March 12).

I am now curious to know the cost of an Everest expedition, and who finds the money.—R. S., Wigan, Lancs.

*The Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club raised about £18,000 for the successful Everest expedition of 1953. This sum was donated by private subscribers and business concerns. In addition, much of the necessary equipment was provided free by the manufacturers. The cost has been recovered several times over through the sale of Sir John Hunt's book, the film of the expedition and lectures. This money is used to finance mountain exploration all over the world through the Everest Foundation. Already, several foreign expeditions have received grants.*

### Faux Pas

HAVING spent three very happy years in Norway, my husband and I decided to give our house in Northampton a Norwegian name when we moved in last year.

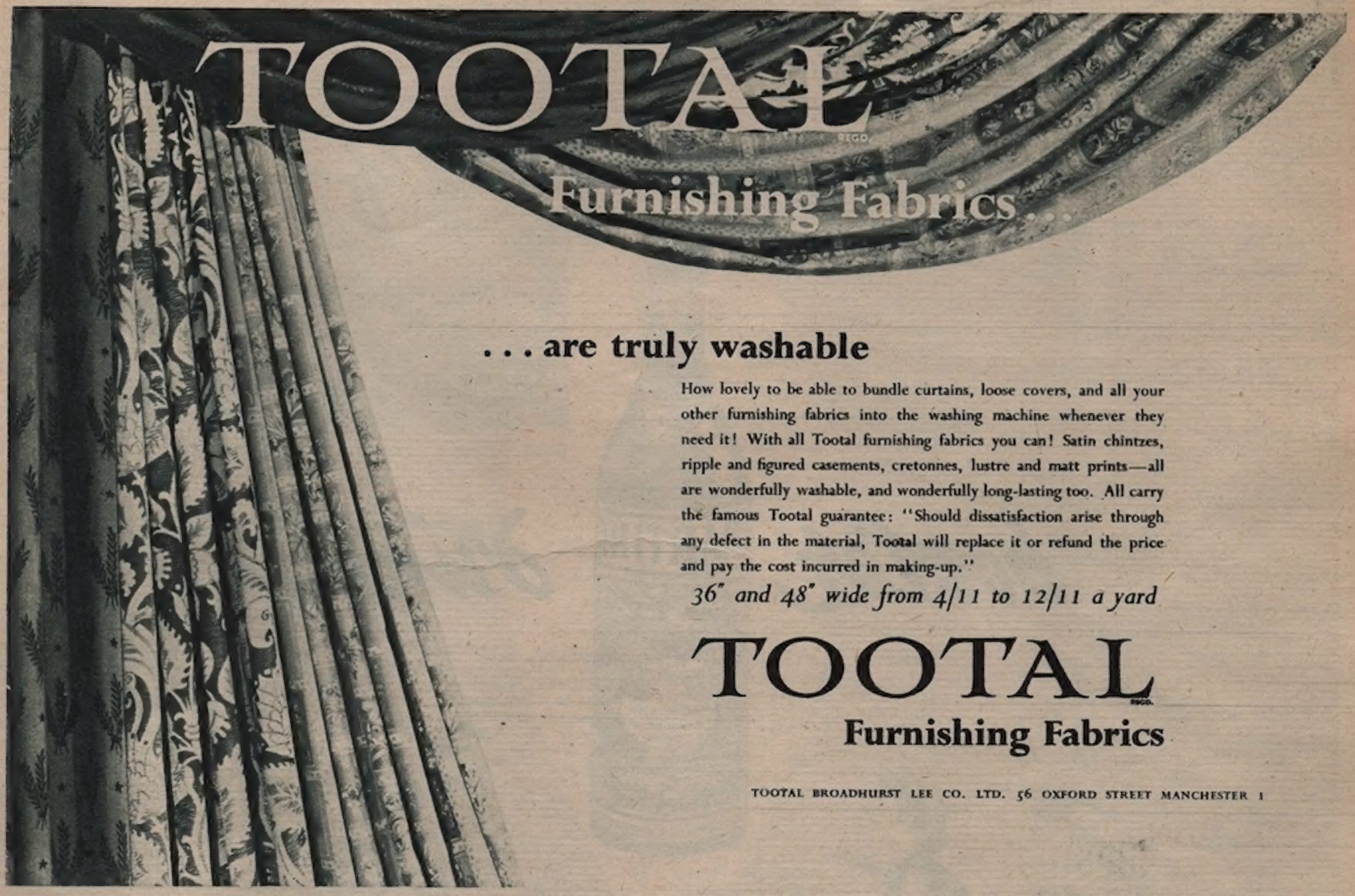
Eventually we decided on Var Hus, meaning—we thought—"Our

House." The sign hung proudly in our front porch until last Christmas, when a Norwegian friend came to visit us. Very tactfully she pointed out that we had named our home "The Warehouse."—MRS. J. HANCOCK, Masefield Way, Northampton.

**John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post**

## THIS WEEK'S COVER

EASTER, wet or fine, is the classic time for a wedding. Not so popular, nowadays, as the week before the end of the tax year—when a couple can save up to £40 10s. in income tax—but still a day of infectious happiness and unpredictable reactions. Mothers sob inconsolably, fathers get into a state of rosy sentimentality, and even the most casual passers-by seem to be armed with confetti and good wishes. It takes more than rain to dampen a wedding party—as artist Lynn Bryant knows. His wedding three years ago was a raincoat and umbrella affair. "It just meant that the confetti stuck to us more firmly," he says.



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TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

## *"Are jewels really necessary in a watch?"*

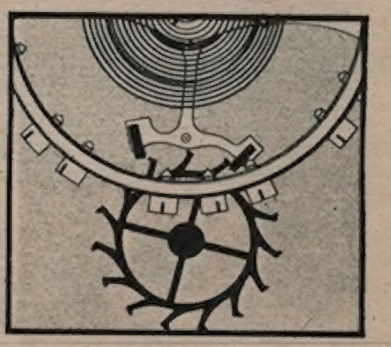
Ask your jeweller. He'll say "Yes. But be careful!"

If a watch is to be a lasting, really reliable timekeeper, it needs tiny jewels at certain points. For jewels stand up to wear better than any metal. But never judge a watch just by the number of jewels. Are they in the right places? Are there jewels at the two essential points, on the 'lever'? Are they cut and polished with the unique craftsmanship that goes into the good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watch?

Talk to your jeweller. He alone can give you expert advice, because he alone has the Swiss watch industry behind him.

**The heart of a good watch**

*These two jewels on the lever-arm lock and release the escape-wheel teeth 432,000 times a day. Only jewels are hard enough to resist wear at this point for years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.*



***Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard***

THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

# For a sweet aperitif

# better drink

# MARTINI

## vermouth

**Here's the Perfect Recipe**

A glass of Martini Sweet Vermouth, well chilled and with a twist of lemon peel makes the perfect aperitif before lunch or dinner. (*In a bar ask for 'A Sweet Martini Vermouth'*)

# DEVIL AND THE DEEP

*by* ***DOUGLAS RUTHERFORD***

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

**I had to dive thirty feet, and bring up a dead man's shoes. My reward: £2,000**

I WAS WATCHING the last scene of the TV play one evening when the landlady came wheezing up to my room. "You're wanted on the telephone, Mr. Mander."

I took myself away from the set reluctantly, but the moment I heard the voice at the other end of the telephone I forgot the play. It was Geordie, and he was hoarse with excitement.

"Is that you, Barney? How would you like to make a couple of thousand pounds?"

"How would I like? Is this on the level?"

"Strictly on the level. There's just one thing. I think I ought to get something out of it, too—say ten per cent?"

"Aren't you in on this?"

The jobs Geordie and I had done up till now had been joint affairs and we'd split fifty-fifty.

"Afraid I don't qualify. My feet aren't big enough. You take size fifteen, don't you?"

"Yes, but what the blazes has that——?"

"I can't tell you any more. Truth is I don't know much myself. There's just one thing. If you take this on, you'll have to go through with it. You won't be able to back out."

"Who's going to back out of two thousand?"

"All right, Barney. I was just warning you. You're to go at once to this address. Got a pencil?—15, Chessington Mews, Brett Street, W.1. The bloke is called Madrigal. Got that?"

Number 15, Chessington Mews had been redecorated recently. I heard chimes when I pushed the bell button. A sultry blonde opened the door and led me up to the first floor. Madrigal awaited me in a room with deep purple walls and gilded furniture. He was a surprise—much younger than I expected. If I'd met him in the street, I'd have guessed he was a women's dress designer. At first I wrote him off as effeminate, but I soon saw that there was a kick in his eyes. Starting at the soles of my feet he worked carefully up to my scrambled mop of hair.

"What size shoes do you wear?"

"Fifteen."

"Can you swim?"

"Pretty well."

"Underwater?"

"Yes."

"How long can you stay down for?"

"I don't know. I've never timed myself. Fill the bath and I'll have a go."

Madrigal did not even try to smile. His

**As I carried my drink to the terrace, my hand trembled. I went up to her, and said: "Do you mind if I sit here?"**

I groped forward. The airliner lay on the sea-bed on even keel, just as if it were on the tarmac at London Airport. But what would I find inside?

fingers dropped to a bowl of raisins on the table. He began to nibble them slowly, crunching the stones between his nice white front teeth. "I think you'll do. Geordie says you can be relied on. You know the terms?"

"Geordie said two thousand?"

"That's right. Five hundred down and the rest when you deliver the goods."

"Is this legal?"

"You will not have to break any laws."

"Risky?"

"Why do you suppose I'm offering two thousand?"

"Can't you tell me more?"

"Not till you definitely accept."

I did not like Madrigal and he was not the sort of man I trust. But I thought I might as well hear what the assignment was. If it sounded dirty I'd find some way out of it.

I said: "All right, let's have it."

MADRIGAL threw a few raisins into his mouth and crossed to the mantelpiece. He did not invite me to sit down. "Did you listen to the news this evening?"

"No."

"If you had you would have heard that an American airliner bound from New York to London crashed off the west coast of Ireland a few hours ago. Most of the occupants escaped. One steward and half a dozen or so passengers were trapped when it sank. One of them was an associate of mine named Bethel Wandecker. He also took size fifteen shoes. The hulk is lying in thirty feet of water and it is unlikely that it can be raised before the day after tomorrow. So the bodies will not be recovered till then. Do you follow me so far?"

"So far," I said cautiously.

"You will travel to Kildoran Bay tomorrow. That will give you one night in which to do the job. Wandecker's body is probably in the cocktail lounge on the lower deck. . . ."

"Just a minute," I interrupted. "You say all this only happened a few hours ago. How do you come to have all these details?"

He said patiently: "A colleague telephoned me. . . . You will locate Wandecker, recover his shoes and return to me here wearing them on your own remarkable feet."

"His shoes?"

I suppose I looked goofy for a moment. Madrigal bit on a raisin and controlled his temper.

"Why his shoes are of interest to me is something with which you need not concern yourself."

I said: "I'm not worried about the shoes. Do I understand that I'm to take this on single-handed?"

"You do."

I pulled a cigarette from my pocket, tapped it on the mantelpiece and lit it with a monster silver table-lighter.

"You must think I'm crazy. Even a professional diver doesn't go down without someone on the surface. As for trying it at night—suppose there are undercurrents? What if petrol fumes are imprisoned in the hulk? Has it occurred to you that the wreck may be guarded?"

"I never said this was going to be a picnic. In fact, the risks you mention are the least of those involved. The point is, do you want your two thousand or don't you?"

"Yes. All right, carry on—you'd got as far as the shoes."

Walking to and fro across the black carpet, Madrigal began to talk. At the end of ten minutes I was beginning to consider the whole affair more seriously.

"When you land at Dublin airport," he concluded, "a Mr. O'Halloran will make himself known to you. He will have the underwater apparatus ready for you. He will explain how it works and take you to the station in his car. If there is any change in your orders, or any new information about the salvage programme, he will tell you."

I picked up from the table the £600 bundle of notes—one hundred for my expenses and five hundred as the advance payment.

"You have a pretty good organization."

Madrigal smiled for the first time. "It's not bad," he said casually, "and I think it's only fair to warn you that if you try to doublecross me in any way you won't live twenty-four hours."

I caught the Aer Lingus Viscount to Dublin next morning. Mr. O'Halloran was waiting for me as planned. He put me into the first of a series of trains which took me across Southern Ireland. The journey was a rest-cure. There was something informal and personal about the good-humoured progress of the trains from one small station to another.

At Kildoran Road I alighted in company with half a dozen wild-eyed heifers, a travelling salesman who'd been trying to sell me hair restorer all the way from Ballyjameshackett, and an Irish priest with golf clubs who blessed us all and started out across the fields on two athletic legs.

The local taxi-owner was halloed out of the station hotel bar to drive me the seven miles to Kildoran. The moment I saw Kildoran Bay I decided that the American pilot had picked the perfect spot to ditch his aircraft. The village itself was no more than a bunch of houses, clustered round the tiny harbour. It stood at the side of a broad estuary, looking across at a conical mountain which rose two thousand feet straight out of the water. With the warm sun of a June evening on it, Kildoran looked more like a Spanish than an Irish village.

THE taxi-driver took me to the only pub in the place, the Kildoran Arms. It was a square, white house with a terrace in front of it. There were half a dozen tables set out, shaded by gay umbrellas. A startling number of people were sitting at them, so I wasn't surprised to learn that the hotel was full.

A fey-looking maid inspected me superstitiously and withdrew crabwise to fetch the landlord. He was a tiny man, all sinew and bone, wearing riding breeches and the loudest check waistcoat I'd ever seen. His voice had been destroyed by hard drinking and he spoke in a hoarse whisper.

"There's only one thing for it. We'll have

to put you out in one of the houses, and you can take your meals in the hotel. Don't worry now. It's a grand clean place that I'm sending you to and Brigid will look after you like a son."

The dotty maid showed me to the cottage of one of the local fishermen. The room I was given was very bare, but spotless. What I liked about it most was that it looked directly on to the beach.

Brigid lived up to the landlord's promise, and lost no time in bringing me hot water. I unpacked and washed. It was only half past six and there was still half an hour to kill before dinner time.

Brigid's man was seated on a stool beside his front door. His face was brown and as wrinkled as a relief map of Tibet, but his eyes were the clear steady eyes of a sailor. He greeted me with a nod and a wink as if he was used to seeing me every day of his life.

I said: "A fine view you have. Can you see the crashed aircraft from here?"

"What's that ye say?"

I repeated the question in a parade-ground voice.

"Do you see the buoy yonder? That's where she lies."

He was pointing to a round black object dancing on the surface of the water about a mile from shore.

"Have they tried to raise her yet?"

"No. They could do nothing without special equipment, d'ye see, and the salvage boat from Cork came in only this evening."

He nodded towards the harbour, where a well-equipped, modern-looking vessel was moored. We shouted at each other for five minutes. Our conversation must have been heard all over Kildoran, but by the end of it I'd confirmed that the attempt to raise the airliner would be made soon after daybreak. And Madrigal had been insistent that the shoes must be recovered before then.

I WALKED across to the hotel. The little terrace still had the sun on it and most of the tables were occupied. I was making my way direct to the bar when I saw the girl

I think she had been watching me come up the road for when I looked towards her our eyes locked. I smiled at her, and she smiled back. She had a brown, laughing face, and a wide, generous mouth. Her hair blew about in the wind and didn't look as if it had been combed since morning; yet somehow you didn't get the impression that it was untidy

I ordered a drink at the bar, and as I carried it out on to the terrace my hand was trembling.

She didn't look round till I stood right beside her and said: "Do you mind if I sit here?"

There was an attractive shyness about the way her eyes lifted.

"No, I'd be delighted!"

Her soft way of pronouncing her consonants was rare. I sat down in the chair opposite her.

"I can't quite place you. You're not Irish, are you?"

That seemed to amuse her; she pushed back a small twist of hair which kept falling over her brow.

"No, I'm not Irish. I call myself American, but I suppose technically I'm Canadian."

"This is a funny place to find a Canadian. What brings you here?"

"An airliner brought me here. It's out there under water just now." She nodded at the bay.

"But I thought all the survivors had been taken on."

"All except me. I've got permission to stay till they raise the aeroplane. I'm taking some serums to London and I have to see that they're properly handled. You're just on holiday, I suppose?"

I shook my head and tried to look grave. "I'm afraid not. An uncle of mine was on the

I went straight to Chessington Mews to see Madrigal. A sultry blonde opened the door

plane and I came out to identify him. He's one of those who's still out there."

"Oh, I am sorry. I wonder if I met him. What was his name?"

"Wandecker. He was a big, tall chap."

Her forehead had puckered in sympathy. When I mentioned the name she leaned forward a little.

"But that was the man in the seat next to me. What an amazing coincidence!"

She was staring hard at me now. Rather than meet her eyes I looked out towards the small black sphere bouncing on the waves over the wreck.

"Poor Uncle Bethel! He was always a bit slow. I suppose he couldn't make the exit in time."

"He went down to the cocktail bar," the girl said. "Everyone who was down there was trapped. It must have been terrible."

She was biting her lip as she remembered those minutes when the plane crashed. I changed the subject and began asking her questions about herself. I hated telling lies to this girl, even though it couldn't do her any harm.

I found out that her name was Clare Penfold, and that she was alone. After that there was no reason to hold back. We dined together at a table for two. The place was very full and extra tables had been brought out. The vultures were gathering round the corpse of the airliner; technical investigators, salvage contractors, Customs officials, press representatives. To me they were just a blurred background and I can't remember a single one of them. The service must have been abominably slow, but I never even noticed the delays. My world was bounded by Clare, and our conversation skipped along crazily from one completely disconnected subject to another.

Towards the end of dinner we just stopped talking. We looked at each other very seriously for a long, long time and we both knew what was happening to us.

AFTER dinner we went outside, and strolled down to the jetty, out along the harbour wall. The sun had gone down into the sea to westward and the little islands were black smudges on golden silk. There was magic in the Irish sunset. Clare turned to look up at me, her eyes deeper than ever in the failing light.

I said: "I've fallen in love with you, Clare."

She looked past my shoulder towards the horizon, where there was still a glow of light. I could feel her trembling slightly. Her answer was a whisper.

"I think I have, too."

It was well past midnight when I got back to my room. I had to take a firm line with myself. I could easily have forgotten all about my real reason for coming to Kildoran and sat there marvelling at this thing that had happened to me.

I unpacked the case of gear which O'Halloran had given me. It was an ordinary underwater fishing set, with oxygen cylinders, frog-man's flippers and face mask. An extra item was a powerful waterproof torch. O'Halloran had told me that there was enough gas in the cylinders to last twenty minutes. I tried it on to make sure I had the idea of working it properly. Then I took a last look at the plans and photographs of the airliner's layout which Madrigal had given me.

I lowered my apparatus out of the window and climbed after it. I had noticed earlier a rowing boat moored alongside the jetty. It must have been an honest district, for the owner had not even troubled to remove the oars. I placed my gear in it and glanced round. It was 2 a.m. and all the lights in Kildoran were out. Not a soul was stirring. The boat slid gently over the few yards of sand and was soon waterborne.

A half moon had come up and I felt very conspicuous on the gleaming water. But I soon came under the shadow of the mountain across the estuary.

Ten minutes' rowing brought me out to the buoy. I made the boat fast to the cable which held it, took off everything except a sweater and trunks, put on the apparatus and adjusted the breathing orifice over my mouth, the clip on my nose and the goggles over my eyes. I decided that I would be able to manage more easily if I did not wear the flippers.

Now that the time had come I did not want to leave the boat. The equipment felt strange and heavy. Supposing it took me to the bottom like a stone and I could not get up again? The waves slapped dismally against the gunwales and a breath of cold wind bought me out in gooseflesh. The windows of Kildoran stared at me with black, square eyes and when a dog set up its barking in one of the farms the sound echoed distantly across the hills like a witch's shriek.

I quoted Madrigal to myself: "Do you want that two thousand or don't you?"

I took the torch firmly in my hand and lowered my legs over the side. The inky water gripped them with cold eagerness. I paused for a while, holding on to the cable just below the surface to make sure everything was working properly. I could hear the air bubbles plopping out above my head; below there was nothing but blackness. I began to paddle down into it, keeping one hand on the taut cable.

I've read since how apprentice divers, going down in daylight and in communication with the surface, are struck with unreasoning fear as they plummet into the depths. As I groped my way down, this same fear grew inside me. The slanting cable seemed to go on endlessly. Then, with unnerving suddenness, there was the gleaming metal of the hulk a foot or two from my face. I explored its shape with my torch and realized that I was on top of the inner port wing cowling. That gave me a clue to the position of the doorway. I pulled myself down towards it.

It was wide open, just as it had been left when those who had escaped crowded through it to the dinghies. The airliner was lying on an even keel, for all the world as if she were on the tarmac at London Airport. But that gaping doorway was as forbidding as a mausoleum.

WITH my oxygen equipment I was just about the same weight as the water. I could stand upright or float as I wished. I hauled myself into the pitch-black cabin. Ahead of me my torch lit up the steward's galley. There was a jumble of broken glasses and cutlery on the floor, mixed up with a dozen unopened champagne bottles.

I swung the beam round till it shone along the forward section of the passenger compartment. The empty seats were littered with books and gloves, sheets of newspaper drifted aimlessly between floor and ceiling. Several small suitcases were still on the luggage rack and someone had flung a tray of drinks on to the ground near my feet.

It was easy to imagine how snug and secure this compartment must have seemed a bare thirty hours or so earlier, as the aircraft bored its way through the air at three hundred miles an hour.

The narrow stairway leading down to the cocktail bar yawned close to my feet. God alone knew what I would find there. I had to haul myself down head first, using the handrail. As I went, a gentle moaning sound filled the hulk.

At first I thought there was nobody in the cocktail bar. The semi-circle of leather seats was empty. There was broken glass on the bar and bottles on the shelves behind, but no sign of the six occupants. And then I saw the drowned figures, and black horror gripped me.

The torch dropped from my fingers and went out. In the utter darkness and iron silence I fought to keep hold of my reason. I can believe now that a man may go mad in a moment. The shock of what I had seen filled my mind and robbed it of judgment.

The faint moaning sound reverberated again. It seemed to come from all round me. Worst of all, my feet had left the ground. I floated there, not even knowing which way up I was, like a dead fly in a wineglass. And I was cold, cold.

In a panic, I began to kick, but that did not help. After a minute or two, I managed to control myself, and swam slowly round, searching for some recognizable object. My fingers gripped the leg of a chair. It led me to the floor and I began to search. It was perhaps five minutes before I found the torch and was able to deliver myself from blindness.

After enduring so much I could not be defeated now. Here I had £2,000 within close reach of my hand. Deliberately I inspected each of my companions till I found a man whose size distinguished him from all the rest. I drew the body down, untied the shoes and pulled them off. I tried not to notice any more than that.

As I put the shoes on my own feet and laced them tight I realized the new danger. Nausea was welling up inside me. I felt an urgent need to be sick. I knew that if I vomited now I would choke. The underwater gear, which up till now had given me breath, would be the death of me.

I kicked my way towards the stairway, hauled myself up it and located the square opening of the doorway. As I dragged myself out

By the time I reached the boat, I was nearly done. I clung to the gunwale, gasping

I laid the trays on her table. "What do you think of those?" I said. "They must be worth fifty thousand." Clare stared glumly at the sparkling stones

I saw the cable sawing gently against the hull, sending its moaning vibrations through the aircraft.

I grappled my way up through the water until at last my head broke the surface. I ripped the breathing apparatus off and vomited into the sea. The boat was bobbing ten yards away. I fought my way towards it, retching every few seconds. My oxygen apparatus and the heavy shoes dragged me downwards. I was nearly done when I got my fingers on to the gunwale of the boat. By a desperate effort I managed to unfasten the straps and wriggle out of the apparatus. A few minutes' rest and I was able to get a knee over the side of the boat and topple in.

I lay on my back, gasping like a fish at the half-eyed moon. I was ice-cold, yet I could not move for a good ten minutes. I had to force myself to struggle upright and pull my clothes on. I unhitched the boat and began to row back to the shore.

The exercise and the warmth of dry clothes brought some life back into my body. By the time I reached land I had strength enough to pull the boat well up on to the sand, and sense enough to rescue my own shoes.

My travelling clock showed I had been gone little more than an hour. I looked round the simple little room and was aware of a curious welcoming feeling. I might so easily have climbed out of its window and gone down anonymously into the dark waters for ever.

Fully dressed, with the light still on, I flopped down on the bed and closed my eyes.

THE sun was shining straight on to my face when I awoke, but my feet were cold as church. My clock said it was eleven o'clock. I swung my legs off the bed and looked out of the window. During the six hours of daylight the hulk of the airliner had been raised. I watched it, supported by huge air bags, moving slowly towards the harbour in the wake of the salvage boat, the sun glinting on its metal body.

Brigid brought me hot water. I shaved slowly, savouring the sunshine. Then I dressed. Wandecker's black brogues were cold and hostile.

Breakfast was over long ago, but the maid at the hotel promised me eggs and bacon, and gave me a monster cup of coffee. I sat on the terrace with my coffee. Now that I had put a night's sleep between me and those minutes in the wreck, the horror and revulsion had been replaced by a feeling of exultation. I had two thousand pounds' worth of shoes on my feet and if ever a man earned his money I had. Now all I had to do was collect my cash.

"Hallo! You're going to catch a cold if you don't watch out."

The voice came from the hotel doorway behind me. I stood up and tucked away the handkerchief I'd been sneezing into. I think Clare and I were both just a little scared of this meeting. The evening before had been like an enchantment and we were afraid that in the morning it would have vanished.

I said: "Good morning. Won't you sit down and have a cup of coffee with me? I'm just going to breakfast."

"I had mine long ago. But I'll come and watch you eat yours."

Her legs were as graceful as a ballerina's under

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What is the threat to our homes and cities if war breaks out? Britain's wartime chief of Coastal Command discusses the hope of building up a defence no enemy can pierce

# COULD BRITAIN BEAT OFF AN ATOMIC ATTACK?

*by Air Chief Marshal Sir PHILIP JOUBERT*

ONE DAY IN 1942—I thought so little about it at the time that I cannot now remember the exact date—a friend of mine in the Royal Air Force said to me: "Isn't it a pity? We've invented a new and most powerful bomb. But, because we haven't got the resources, we must hand the idea over to the Americans, who will be able to develop it."

I murmured suitable expressions of regret, and then forgot all about it until August 6, 1945. I have no difficulty in remembering that date. It is the day on which the town of Hiroshima, in Japan, was destroyed in the blinding flash of one atomic bomb, and the world entered the Atomic Age.

Since then, although some countries—notably our own—have begun to develop the application of atomic power to peaceful uses, atomic bombs of increasing power have been constructed and tested, culminating in the American hydrogen bomb exploded at Bikini in March, 1954. And that was not the last word. The Americans have proceeded to construct even more powerful H-bombs. The Russians, we know, are in the process of making them, though we do not know how far they have got. The Prime Minister has told us that the United States has a lead of perhaps three or four years over the Russians. And, as the White Paper announced on February 17 this year, Britain is also embarking on an H-bomb programme, at a comparatively small cost, thanks to the ingenious mind of Sir William Penney, our leading atom scientist.

Together with these new explosives, the major powers of the world are developing new methods of delivering them, such as the long-range guided missiles. The people of the whole world now face the ugliest and most horrible threat in the history of man.

Some, notably those governing the city of Coventry, have decided that there is no defence against the atom or nuclear bomb, and that it is best to resign ourselves passively to our fate. Others, more sensibly, have asked what can be done to ward off the impending disaster.

The governments of the West have by no means adopted a defeatist attitude. But the problem that faces them is formidable. Communist Russia possesses vast armies, a strong navy, a most powerful air force, and, above all, the weapons of mass destruction. Russia packs now a two-handed punch—massive conventional forces in one hand, nuclear projectiles in the other. How can we protect ourselves against this combination of almost overwhelming strength?

In spite of the many panic stories in the world's press about the heat, the blast and the gamma irradiation of atomic bombs, my mind returns to an old train of thought.

Those of us who fought in the Kaiser's war will remember the prophecies that followed. Navies were things of the past. Armies were outmoded. The aeroplane was the weapon of the future, and air warfare would be so terrible that no nation would willingly hazard its existence by making war on another.

Air warfare proved terrible enough, but the threat of it did not deter Hitler. Indeed, it was the possession of what he believed to be overwhelming air power that was a major influence in making him launch his attack.

During the early 1920s it was also prophesied that the bomber will always get through, and that the only real air defence is a vigorous counter-offensive—what is today being called massive retaliation. In the event, during the Battle of Britain, the enemy's entire plan of campaign, involving the use of sea, land and air

Sir Philip Joubert, author of *The Fated Sky*, who was adviser in the television series, *The War In The Air*

On land, atomic short-range weapons like "Honest John" will help to defend West Europe against invasion. But if these are used by Nato, will the Russians reply with H-bombs?

power, was brought to nothing by an effective air *defence*.

Experience has shown that a new weapon achieves success only when it comes as a surprise and before an antidote can be worked out. In 1917, British tanks at Cambrai gained surprise and a temporary success. But they were not used in sufficient numbers to get a decisive result. The atomic bomb on Hiroshima, on the other hand, was used at the critical moment and in sufficient quantity. One was enough, even if it had not been followed by the second, on Nagasaki. The Japanese had let their air defence collapse, and the Americans rightly judged that a single high-flying B29 bomber would reach the target.

The lesson remains good today. Even an overwhelmingly powerful new weapon is not necessarily decisive, unless it can be delivered at the right time, and in the right quantity. So it is possible to consider the problems posed by atom and nuclear bombs a little more calmly.

It is an over-simplification to assume that because the H-bomb is an all-powerful weapon and can be delivered by an aircraft or a guided missile, there is no longer any need for an army or a navy. I do not believe that Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery meant that when, in his recent and much publicized speech, he said: "The dominant factor in future war will be air power."

## Russia's Two-handed Punch

The argument that our sole needs, should a third world war break out, would be an air force equipped with bombers and fighters of supersonic speed and vast endurance, backed by a galaxy of guided missiles, ignores one main factor. Russia has a two-handed punch. The Russians may use their right hook with weapons of mass destruction, or their straight left of conventional weapons. Or, indeed, they may simply go on with the tepid war, provoking trouble in distant parts of the world, as in Malaya, Indo-China and elsewhere, and with the cold war in Europe.

This already puts a tremendous strain on British manpower and defence resources. We have been weakened both geographically and politically since the end of Hitler's war. The granting of independence to India and Burma, the loss of bases in Egypt and Palestine, and the growth of nationalism in Ceylon, all militate against an orderly plan of Commonwealth defence.

However, we still have some strongpoints of global defence—Britain itself, the countries of the Commonwealth, West and East Africa, Ceylon at present, and Malaya are the chief places where air bases can be maintained and developed. And modern aircraft, whether British or belonging to the United Nations, can now fly the required distances, carrying sufficient troops and weapons.

## Atom Guns To Repel Troops

But in addition we have reluctantly become a continental power in Europe, and the strain of that is even greater. The threat of assault by a hundred or more Russian divisions across Europe has meant a big demand from Nato —the North Atlantic Treaty Organization— for land forces and tactical air support. Even with that strength, the balance of power is still formidably on the Russian side. So Nato is developing tactical atomic weapons — atom artillery—which will increase the striking power of its forces, provided the politicians will allow them to be used in time.

These atomic tactical weapons are all held by United States forces in Nato. The biggest is the 280 millimetre atomic cannon that weighs seventy-five tons, has a range of twenty miles, but is transportable only over good roads.

There are also two kinds of rocket missile: "Honest John," a short-range, unguided weapon, and "Corporal," a guided weapon with a range of fifty miles. This is a powerful arsenal of new weapons. But if Nato forces use them in the land battle, will the Russians reply with a bombardment of London, or Paris, and possibly of the American continent, with their A- and H-bombs? The risk, certainly, is great.

If they do, what is the threat to our homes and cities? And what are the possible defences?

There are several ways in which an enemy could attempt to bombard us with A- or H-bombs.

The first, and most obvious, is that the bomb could be carried in an aircraft. That bomber would be travelling much higher and faster than anything we have experienced as yet in war.

Whereas, at the end of Hitler's war, heavy bombers were flying at a height of 20,000 feet and at a speed of 220 miles an hour, we should now expect them to arrive at 600 miles an hour, and 50,000 feet above the ground. Fighters too have increased in speed—to far more than the speed of sound. But the interceptor of the future is likely to be not the single-seater fighter but a short-range guided missile, such as the American Nike, which has already proved effective under experimental conditions. Such a defence means long-range radar location, and radio control of Nike on to the target.

The Americans have shown us a film of this ground-to-air missile attacking aircraft in flight. Part of it was used in the television series, *War in the Air*. Viewers who saw these Nike missiles twisting and swooping, guiding themselves on to their prey and at last destroying them, may well feel, as I do, that here is one of the methods of defence which could see to it that none of an enemy bomber attack gets through.

## Radar Stations In The Air

We shall still need, in conjunction with the missiles, some form of fighter defence. But not single-seat fighters. I envisage fighters of the Canberra type of aircraft, three-seaters manned by pilot, radar operator and rocket gunner. They will patrol the probable line of enemy approach, spot the bombers on their radar, and shoot them down with their own airborne guided missiles. We shall also need airborne radar stations if we are to have sufficiently early warning of an attack.

A defence of this kind would not guarantee that the one vital bomber did not get through. But it would come close to it. And it would deal, of course, with the second method of delivering nuclear explosives by flying bombs— the V1s of the last war.

All this makes it the more likely that the enemy would choose the third means of delivering his nuclear bombs, by putting them into the warheads of long-range guided missiles, or rockets. Nobody who was in London during the last stages of Hitler's war will forget the V2s, travelling so high and so fast that the whistle of their passage through the air was not heard until after the explosion. The V2s continued to hit London even after the advancing allied armies were pressing through Holland. For they rose ten miles into the air, tracing great

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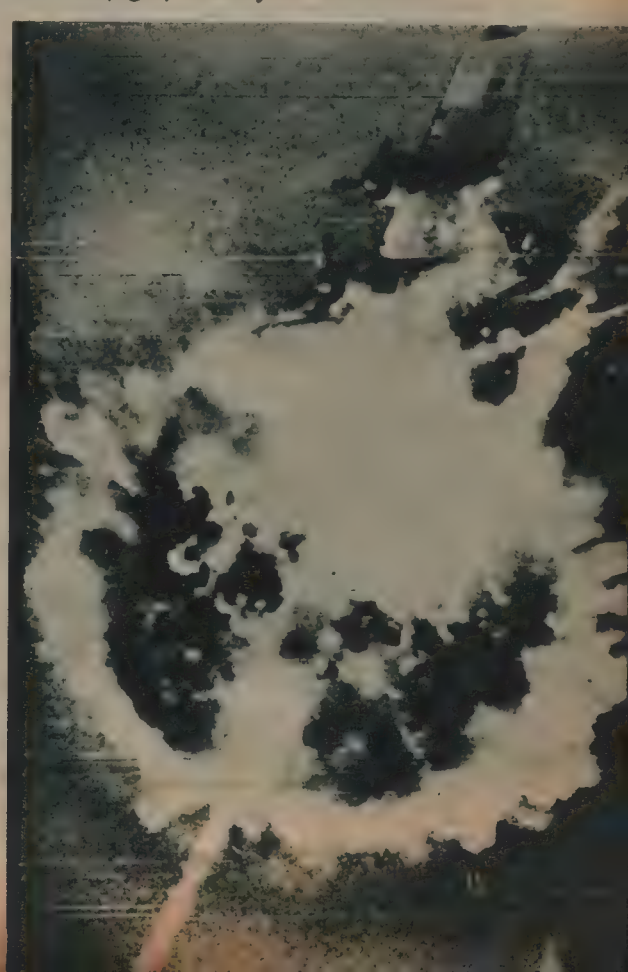
**"Corporal," a guided atomic missile with a range of fifty miles, is tested at a New Mexico proving ground**

**Modern devices might ensure that no bombers reach our coasts. As a plane approaches, Nike is launched from the ground. Radio-controlled, it tracks down and (right) destroys the attacker**



Sanbergh leaned towards me. "May I offer you a word of advice?" he said. "Don't stay here too long. A week should be enough. No more"

# THE LITTLE WALLS

## *by WINSTON GRAHAM*

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

**Here, in the luxury of Capri, lived a man who might have murdered my brother. One way or the other, I was going to get at the truth**

ROME, NAPLES, CAPRI. . . . Leonie Winter was a restless woman. But I followed her trail doggedly. I had to catch up with her—because I believed she knew the truth about the way my brother Grevil had died. . . .

All the evidence pointed to suicide. But to me, Philip Turner, the evidence had a phoney ring. Grevil, an archaeologist, had flown from Indonesia to deposit his finds with Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum. Two days later his body had been pulled from a canal. In his pocket there was a "goodbye" letter from someone named Leonie.

The police had failed in their attempts to trace her. They had drawn a blank, too, in their search for Jack Buckingham, an adventurer who had flown with Grevil from Indonesia, and who had been seen with him just before he died. And so I had gone to Amsterdam to start a search on my own. With me I had taken Martin Coxon, a man who knew Buckingham well and whom I suspected had no great regard for the law himself.

We started inquiries moving, but before anything came up Coxon had to return to England. Almost immediately after he had gone I got information about the woman "Leonie": she was a Mrs. Helen Winter and she had left for Rome several days before. That was the start of a trail that led me eventually to Capri, and to the Villa Atrani where she was staying.

The villa was owned by Mme Weber, a woman well known on the island for her interest in the arts. Prowling in the overgrown garden that evening, I got my first glimpse of Leonie Winter. She was very attractive.

That night, I started deciphering Grevil's shorthand notes on his expedition, hoping that they might give me some line on Buckingham's part in my brother's death, and the next day I had the luck to be able to scrape up an acquaintance with Mme Weber.

My name was Norton, I told her, and I was in Capri to do a spot of painting. It was a good line: interest flickered in her face as soon as I mentioned painting and she invited me to attend a party she was giving that evening. At last, I thought, things were moving. . . .

### PART THREE

#### *The Girl In The Mirror*

At six twenty-five I put into the Villa Atrani for the second time. In the daylight you could see that a good bit of the garden was overgrown; but the house itself was well kept. There were about a dozen people in the big white living-room when I was shown in; but I noticed at once the dark man in the reefer jacket whom I had seen the night before and that he was talking to Leonie Winter as if they knew each other well.

First, I had to meet the dogs.

Mme Weber was impressed by the way Macy and Gimbel accepted me. "Usually they're so slow to admit people to their friendship. Startlin'. Of course, it's perhaps having had one of your own. Maystiffs are such reliable watchdogs, aren't they? Macy and Gimbel would simply tear out the throat of anyone who broke into this house or this garden."

**As we walked up the flight of steps I asked my question. "Where is your husband now?" I said. She half turned to me: "Which one?"**

I patted Macy's muzzle confidently. "But one always feels they know just where to draw the line."

"Oh, Leonie, darling, let me introduce Philip Norton. This is Mrs. Winter. Mr. Norton is a distinguished artist staying for a few days. Breeds dogs. Macy practically fawned. And Captain Sanbergh, a very old and dear friend."

I said to Sanbergh: "But, of course, I remember seeing you this morning in a fine motor yacht at the Marina Piccola."

Sanbergh was taller than he looked, with the broad shoulders and lean hips of a younger man. He had a handsome, raffish face, a capable look; eyes vigorous and alert but thickly lashed, the mouth rather wide and Pan-like when he smiled.

He said to Mme Weber: "You see, Charlotte, we've become notorious, I and my Sappho. Already I'm a marked man."

Mme Weber said: "It's Charles's new love-life, Mr. Norton. Quite awful. I christened her two weeks ago in Asti spumante, and I've hardly seen him since."

Sanbergh smiled. "Well, she's been waiting for me since January."

"I hope you'll let me see her sometime," I said.

His eyes travelled over my face, incuriously but expertly; summing me up. His expression wasn't particularly friendly. "But of course."

"Charles is taking some of us out tomorrow afternoon," said Mme Weber. "Let's all be seasick together."

"I'd like to. If Captain Sanbergh . . ."

"But of course," said Sanbergh again.

Leonie Winter hadn't spoken through all this, and I hadn't looked at her.

I said to Sanbergh in a conversational tone: "You've been away?"

"Away?"

"You said your yacht had been waiting for you since January."

"Oh — yes. I ordered her last year. I've been out of this district for a time."

I was going to add something more, but Mme Weber was plucking at my arm. "Do you know Mr. Norton? This is the Master of Kyle. You're lookin' downcast on this lovely evening, Mr. Kyle. Isn't the Scotch right? Berto has the bottle. I'll get him to bring it over."

A bald, elderly Scotsman acknowledged me with a sour, uncommunicative face. I tried to talk to him for a minute or so and then was taken over to meet the other three who had been on the beach this morning: Jane Porringer, the American girl, Nicolo da Cossa, the man with the limp, who in close-up was less young than I thought, and an American lawyer called Hamilton White, a tall, thin man getting on for fifty and reddened by the sun.

I neither looked at nor spoke to Leonie Winter throughout the party. Once I saw her looking at me through one of the Florentine mirrors and much later I watched her, reflected in a picture, talking energetically to Captain Sanbergh.

I looked at him and thought, what was the description of Buckingham? Dark, with hair greying at the ears (easily dyed), a short beard (easily shaved), medium height, brown and rather narrow eyes, strong aquiline nose.

"Admiring my picture?" Mme Weber came up behind me. "Nicolo painted that. Technical achievement, I think. Fireworks. My first husband had a passion for fireworks. In real, I mean. Used to subsidize the fiestas. Nicolo's

very talented, don't you think? Do you work in pastel, Mr. Norton?"

I saw the picture behind the glass for the first time. A bit flamboyant, as Mme Weber said, but impressive. "It's very good indeed. No, I generally use oils."

"For landscape work?"

"For all work. Portraits as well."

"You should paint Leonie, Philip. May I call you Philip? Excitin', isn't she? Ice and fire."

"I've noticed the ice."

"Her skin with those quite dark lashes. Nicolo wants to try."

I finished my fourth drink. "If I were to paint anyone I've seen here so far, it would be you."

Charlotte Weber gave me a look. It was a sophisticated glance, or was meant to be, but somewhere behind there was a glint of coquetry. It was like a young woman making use of an old woman's eyes.

"Dear boy, that's quite the nicest thing. . . . But I'm a sick woman—have been for years. D'you know that just before the war they gave me only a few months to live. It was practically melodrama. I came here to *die*. And I've been here ever since. You don't want to paint a woman who's been living for sixteen years with an anti-climax!"

"How do you know what I don't want to paint?"

She sighed and fumbled for a cigarette. I lit it for her. "Are all artists specially interested in women when nature's got its claws in and they can't pretend?"

"Most painters like qualities that *need* no pretence. Don't you? Lines of distinction and the marks of knowing about life and how to live it." I passed her an ashtray.

"Philip, how nice you are! Leonie hasn't been without experience, of course. I'll tell you sometime. Nicolo, we've been admirin' your picture. You must do me another."

"That is too kind," said Nicolo. He had big sombre eyes, like dates, that made you think he'd been hurt when a kid and never got over it. But the hammer-beam nose and the sharp little teeth suggested it was probably someone else who'd got hurt most, after all. "It is, of course, the Faraglioni rocks seen from near La Certosa monastery. The purple morning-glory brought me the inspiration, the *need* to paint. That is so necessary, that first impulse, as you will agree."

I noticed while we were talking that Charles Sanbergh's eyes were on me. I wondered if Leonie Winter had said anything to him. They could hardly have any suspicions of me, yet. But I certainly thought there was a flicker of hostility and suspicion in Sanbergh's eyes when I saw him before I left.

WHEN I got down to the cove the following afternoon, the Sappho's two tall masts were doubling their length in the olive-green water. Every now and then a stray breeze stroked the surface and corkscrewed them out of shape; then the dinghy was lowered to bring me off and broke the reflection up into mosaics of sunlight.

Rather to my surprise, I was the first aboard, and as soon as I went below I knew that the next move was on. Sanbergh's expression hadn't changed since yesterday, except that it had got more so. If I felt suspicion of him, he felt suspicion—on some grounds—of me.

After we'd seen what there was to see, we went into the tiny cabin and he offered me a drink. As he gave me a glass, I noticed his beautifully manicured hands. "You are Italian, I suppose?"

"What makes you ask?" he said.

"Oh, idle curiosity. You speak English almost without accent."

His glance flickered over me. "Perhaps I belong to no country entirely. I am my own country, and make my own laws and rule over myself. My kingdom is forty foot of deck and my frontiers are the horizon."

I sipped the drink. "Do you issue your own passports?"

Something moved in the depths of his eyes. I was being re-focused. "You don't appreciate figures of speech, Mr. Norton."

"Oh, yes, on the contrary. The idea sounds good and I was thinking of the practical obstacles."

"Obstacles are made to be overcome. Buy yourself a yacht and see."

"Find me the money and I will."

"Ah yes, the money. But isn't that only another obstacle? If the need is sufficient . . ."

"The way can be found? Does it follow?"

"Usually. One contrives. One takes special measures, however unpalatable."

"In what way unpalatable?"

HE dabbed at the lemon peel in his glass with a cocktail stick, drowning it and then letting it surface, drowning it again. "All work is unpalatable to me, Mr. Norton, as it is to any civilized human being. Otherwise it wouldn't be work but play. That's the definition."

In profile against the porthole his face looked larger than life and a bit angular. There was no up-curving of the wide mouth today. "And what of yourself?" he said, switching his eyes suddenly to look at me. "Do you find painting profitable as well as palatable? I should have thought not."

I said: "You thought right."

"Though I imagine as a hobby it can be—useful at times."

He seemed to have seen through the ruse before it was practised. I said: "Everything is useful in its proper place."

"And where is your proper place, Mr. Norton? Not on Capri?"

"Only for as long as I choose to stay."

"And then?"

"It rather depends what happens while I'm here."

"I thought it might."

His glass was empty and he went to fill it. "May I offer you a word of advice?"

"I can't stop you."

He came back. "Don't stay too long. The climate is enervating. A week at most should be enough for a conscientious artist. No more."

"You seem to have survived for longer than that."

"I'm not an artist, Mr. Norton; and possibly not conscientious."

"I can believe that."

"I hope during this week you will come to believe many other things. Among them . . . that Mme Weber is given to foolish friendships."

It seemed to me that he had hedged away from what he had been going to say. The threat was still only implied instead of spoken. "I should need very little convincing of that."

He said: "Be convinced of it, but don't trade upon it."

We stared at each other hard for a second or so, and I nearly forced the whole thing out into the open. Then there was a footstep on deck and it was too late. His eyelids drooped. "The others have come. Shall we go up?"

Leonie Winter pressed the lighter. It came on, but before she could put her cigarette to it the breeze blew the flame out. She tried again and the same thing happened. It seemed a good opportunity and I moved up beside her. "Perhaps mine will work."

I flicked my own lighter open for her and she put her shiny head forward again and lit the cigarette. "Thank you."

She turned away to stare over the rail. Behind us the Bay of Naples drowsed in a haze of peacock blues, and on the port side the Sorrentine peninsula raised its improbable cliffs like a back-cloth painted by Verrocchio.

I said: "Where are we heading for?"

"This afternoon? I'm not sure. Amalfi, I think. Mme Weber has property near there."

"I've not been in the Gulf of Salerno since forty-three."

"Nineteen forty-three? During the war?"

"I was in one of the destroyers covering the landings."

"Oh, I see. . . ."

"Anyway I didn't get much of a view. I was in the engine room most of the time."

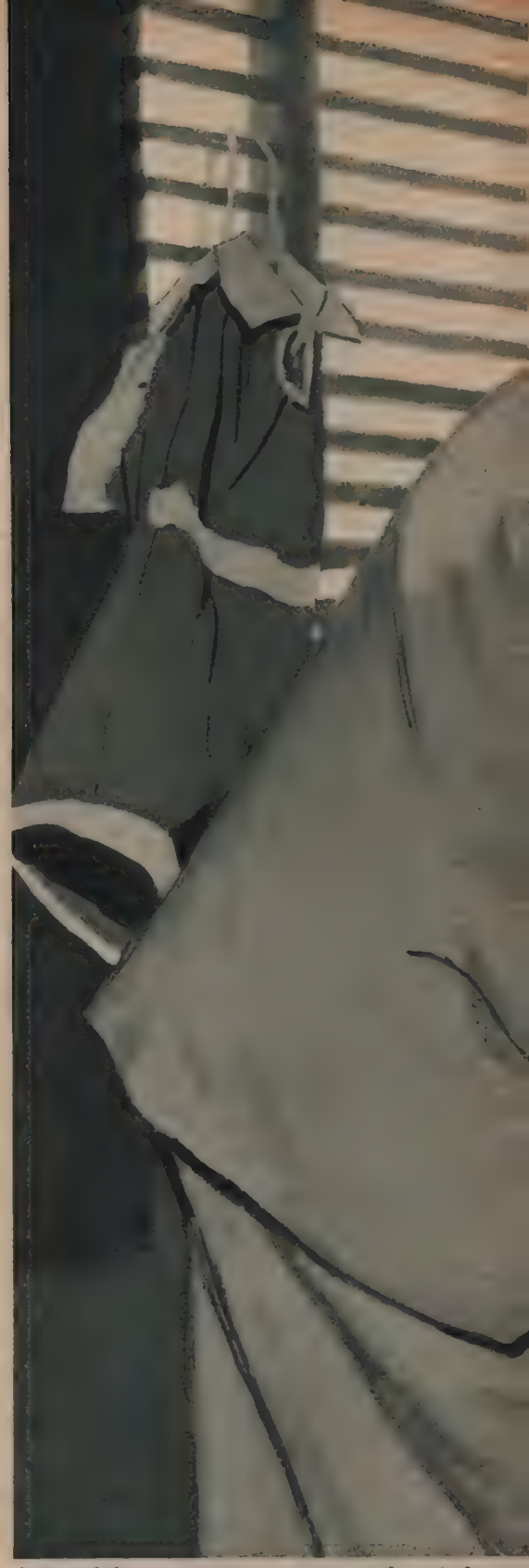
She had very fine skin on her face, but tiny lines at the sides of her mouth. They looked as if they'd come with smiling. I wondered how much laughter she'd got out of Grevil's death.

For the first time in that minute it came to me to question the thing I'd been so certain of all through. Up to now I'd been absolutely sure that Grevil wouldn't commit suicide for *any* girl. . . .

I said: "Tell me, what does it feel like to be a beautiful woman?"

Her eyes flickered up to my face again. "What do you mean?"

"Well, perhaps this is impolite, but you



I found her case on a rest near the window

**and searched it quickly. I knew that what I was doing was risky, but I had to force the pace**

give me the impression of being—unapproachable. Is that what you really feel, or is it put on more or less in self-defence."

She looked at her cigarette. "If you tell me what all the other women say, I'll t-try to keep in step."

"I've never asked anyone else."

"Then don't you think you should try?"

I SAID: "What I mean is that women who are so very good to look at start a step ahead of other people. There isn't the same need to exert themselves to build up a relationship, to impress, because it's done for them. It's practically the last form of privilege."

She glanced at me again. The wind blew her slight fringe across her forehead and she pushed it away. "Well, it's an interesting point of view. You speak as if you don't like privilege."

"No; I only don't like the misuse of it."

She said coolly, candidly: "And you think, supposing that I've got any, that I misuse it?"

My cigarette caught on the rail and the wind blew the ash in my face. I didn't say anything for a few seconds because a speck of ash had gone into my eye. I took out a handkerchief and rubbed a corner under the lid. She saw what had happened, but didn't speak. Then, when I'd groped for a bit, she said: "Perhaps I can get it out for you."

I gave her the handkerchief and she put her finger-tips on my face. She was very slight when she stood up beside me, but quite tall.

"Is that better?"

"Thank you." We separated. "It's gone."

She said quietly: "Do you mean the ash or the prejudice?"

"I hope there wasn't much of either."

Presently we began to talk a little more easily, desultorily but without obvious stress; and while we talked the yacht drew nearer to the green cliffs guarding Positano and Amalfi. As we came into the bay of Amalfi a church bell was ringing, at first sedately enough, then suddenly urgent, clamorous, more like a fire alarm than a call to prayer.

The sun was past its height and moving towards the precipice behind the harbour, and parts of the little white town climbing the hillside were already in shade. Sanbergh and Mme Weber were met by an elderly car which took them off round the corner of the coast road.

Nicolo da Cossa had brought his easel with him, and as soon as we landed he set it up on the quay and went on with a half-finished painting of the town. Jane Porringer squatted on a stool beside him and ate *nespoli* and watched. That left Leonie Winter and myself and Hamilton White.

I'd hardly exchanged a word with the tall American lawyer so far, but it looked as if he would be with us for the whole time ashore. Then, by luck, we came on a wood-carver who interested him. Leonie Winter wandered on and I followed her.

The main street of Amalfi, starting in the square beside the cathedral, tapers off as it climbs, and a few larger shops at the beginning become dark little one-room places with their owners sitting at the doors gossiping in the sun.

There wasn't much worth buying, but the girl, a few paces ahead of me, ducked into one shop, and after waiting for a bit outside I followed her in and found her looking over some head scarves. Serving her was a fat old woman nursing a tiny black-eyed infant, and three children from about seven years old down.

Over the sale, and in a hotchpotch of English and Italian, Leonie and the woman began to chat, and soon the woman and children were staring grave-eyed at some snaps she showed them, accepting sweets from her with natural grace, growing more and more friendly.

AFTER a bit we were out in the daylight, Leonie folding some dirty notes and with a twist of amusement at the corners of her mouth. Daylight, but not sunshine. In the interval the sun had slipped behind the cliff and in a few seconds Amalfi, even sea-shore Amalfi, had lost its gaiety and colour. The yacht still sunned itself, but fleetingly like a butterfly on a wall, while the dark line crept out.

I said: "You have children of your own?"

"No."

"Those photographs. . . ."

"They were my younger sisters—my half-sisters."

"May I see them?"

"Some other time, perhaps."

We walked back a few yards, watched by the inhabitants sitting quietly in their doorways. In the square Leonie turned to go up the great flight of steps to the cathedral and the campanile. I went with her.

"Where is your husband now?" I said.

"Which one?"

I watched her, again not sure of her. "The current one."

She wrinkled her brow, "I haven't a current one. Sorry."

We got at last to the top of the steps, both a little out of breath, but not entirely with the climb. The face of the cathedral was brilliant with light.

She pushed upon one of the doors and at once we were in cool gloom lit by a fiery sort of light from the west windows. A shadow broke away from a marble pillar and came across to us, welcoming us, offering to show us the beauties of the building, but I waved the ragged little man away. In the nave she stopped; and her eyes caught the reflected light as she looked at me.

"I'm trying hard, but I still d-don't think I'm quite keeping up with you, Mr. Norton. Will you tell me just what you really want?"

"Well, I should like to know you better. Do you find that surprising?"

"Yes——in a way. In your way."

"Why in my way?"

After a minute, she said: "What do you want to know?"

". . . the bones of St. Andrew, the Apostle of Fishermen," said the little man, who had

*Continued on page 43*

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*High Adventure (5) by Edmund Hillary. The position was desperate when a Sherpa fell ill. Without him, the Everest assault might fail*

# A thousand yards to the top—and our luck runs out

I AWOKE WITH STRANGELY mixed feelings of discomfort and anticipation. My air mattress had deflated during the night and my hip was resting on the inhospitable ice. Reluctantly, I opened my eyes and looked round the familiar surroundings of Camp 4. Our large tent presented a depressing scene in the early morning light. Scattered about on the icy floor were the silent, sleeping bodies of my companions, all hidden in the depths of their sleeping-bags.

A chaotic mass of oxygen apparatus, rucksacks, spare clothing, ropes and ice-axes cluttered up the remaining room. With a feeling of uneasy distaste I closed my eyes again. It was just another morning at Camp 4. Life at more than 21,000 feet didn't leave you feeling too full of joy and happiness. Suddenly my mind cleared and I remembered that this was far from being an ordinary morning.

Three days before, our expedition had carried supplies up the Lhotse Glacier and stocked a camp on the South Col at 26,000 feet, opening the way for the final assault on the summit.

The first assault party consisting of Evans and Bourdillon, with John Hunt and Gregory in support, had already started their attack using closed-circuit oxygen sets. Tenzing and I, with the open-circuit oxygen, were the second assault party. For us, this was the most important day of all, for it was our turn to start on the long, slow, upward grind that might, with luck, end on the summit of Everest.

Not moving from my sleeping-bag, I dragged myself over to the door and looked out. The South Col was grim and foreboding. I thought of Hunt and Evans and Bourdillon in their lonely camp—my God, they must be cold up there! A soft, freezing wind drifted down the Western Cwm and I shivered violently, then muttered through my sunburnt lips, "It's fine! We're right—it's fine!"

I was spurred to sudden action—"Thondup! Thondup!" A faint reply and sounds of movement from our cook's tent satisfied me, and with a pleasant glow of virtue I dropped the tent flap and snuggled deep within my sleeping-bag, determined to make no further efforts of will until a hot drink made me at least half human.

### Drank Tea With Loathing

In half an hour, a cheerful Sherpa face appeared at the tent door, and soon we were grasping large mugs of hot tea. Or perhaps calling it tea is too high praise. Only a man with a constitution of iron could face such a drink with any pleasure—a brown, hottish liquid with a thick scum of fat, tea leaves, lumps of milk powder and the remnants of last night's stew. "High altitude tea" we called it, and looked on it as a grim necessity that must be forced down into an uneasy stomach. With loathing I consumed half a mug of it.

I dragged myself heavily to my feet and lurched out of the tent. With my rubber soles sliding on the icy surface, I moved cautiously over the snow to Tenzing's tent and shouted a greeting to his recumbent body. His cheerful grin soon showed that he understood my optimistic forecasts and he crawled out of his bag. I started preparing our oxygen sets.

The whole camp stirred to activity as

**Hillary leads Tenzing on the nightmare search for a camp site at 28,000 feet. Turning back was impossible. They could only go on—and up**

From left to right: Hunt, his personal Sherpa Da Namgyal, Gregory, Ang Nyima and Lowe, after they had carried up stores for the final assault

Thondup appeared with breakfast—porridge, tinned bacon (which was generally disliked) and best of all, fresh eggs which had been carried laboriously up to our camp from the villages below. I attacked the food with vigour.

Into a light cloth bag I forced a sleeping-bag, an air mattress, and all my spare clothing, and then attached it to my oxygen frame. I looked at the time—it was 9.15 a.m. At Camp 5, a thousand feet above us, we could see Lowe and Gregory with eight Sherpas, winding slowly out on to the Lhotse Face. They were to support us in our assault and had gone up the previous evening to Camp 5 in order to reduce their climb to Camp 7. Tenzing and I heaved our heavy loads on to our backs and put our oxygen masks on our faces. In order to maintain our strength, we were using oxygen all the way from Camp 4.

With a wave to the party, and their good wishes and final "See that you get up!" ringing in our ears, I led off up the Western Cwm. The trail wound up the easy snowslopes ahead like a giant snake, bending gracefully to avoid impassable or dangerous crevasses. We moved steadily upwards. The weather was perfect with scarcely a breath of wind. Round us towered the tremendous rock and ice walls of the Western Cwm. In the thin air every step required a conscious breathing effort.

Far above us, Lowe and Gregory, with their Sherpas, were climbing up a steep portion of the Lhotse Face. I wonder if we can catch them up, was the thought that drifted idly into my mind, but I shrugged it off as impossible. Almost unconsciously, however, I increased my pace. My forty-five pound load was dragging uncomfortably at my shoulders as we moved quickly onwards. I glanced back at Tenzing. He seemed to be going well. The track crossed an unstable snowbridge, swung to the right to dodge an impassable crevasse, climbed a steepish slope and suddenly we were at Camp 5.

A deserted camp is always a depressing sight, and this was no exception. Three or four sagging tents had an area of dirty, trampled snow between them, and in every direction lay empty containers, ranging from bully beef tins to oxygen bottles. We took our loads off and had a brief rest. Above us, the first party was going well and had nearly reached Camp 6. After ten minutes we resignedly heaved our loads on to our shoulders again, turned on our oxygen and moved up.

## Laboured Towards Ice-cliffs

We were climbing rather more steeply, but the route was still straightforward. Long, gradual traverses helped to make the gain in height easier. We were approaching the first great ice-cliffs of the Lhotse Face and laboured steadily up towards them. Cautiously, we crossed a dangerous-looking crevasse, climbed up a short but steep snow bump and then reached a little terrace at the foot of the ice-cliffs. We took off our loads, disconnected the oxygen and removed our masks, and everything seemed to come back in focus as the fresh, cool air played over our heated countenances.

There was hard and difficult work ahead of us. We strapped our crampons on to our boots, checked the rope tying us together, and replaced our oxygen sets. Then we started up the first really steep slope. A great stairway had been hewn in the hard green ice, and as we climbed slowly up it, we were thankful to use a long rope fixed as a handrail.

With increasing consciousness of the great drop beneath us, we shuffled across a narrow ice ledge over a vertical ice wall. Above us stretched a steep and narrow gully. I had never liked this gully, for at the bottom of it was a large crevasse bridged by a most unstable-looking snowbridge. And to make things worse, the gully was dominated by an evil-looking, tottering ice pinnacle which gave the strong impression that it might crash at any time and sweep all before it.

There was no escaping it; we must go up. Gingerly I crossed the snowbridge and in imagination felt it give beneath my feet. Spurred on by my fears, I raced up the gully, keeping one apprehensive eye on the ice above until the rope suddenly came tight and the unfortunate Tenzing was almost dragged off his feet. "Come on, Tenzing!" Now I was out of danger and could relax on an easy snow shelf as Tenzing hurried up to join me.

Ahead of us we could see a long rope hanging down a very steep ice-slope. This was undoubtedly the most difficult part of the Lhotse Face. Above us now was a slope, about four hundred feet long, of hard, green ice. I moved to the bottom of it and took a firm grasp on the rope. With an instinctive tensing of muscles and nerves I traversed steeply up the ice-slope.

I glanced back. Tenzing was moving steadily behind me, head down and shoulders bent as he lifted himself determinedly from step to step. The slope went on and on. Suddenly I could see Camp 6—a tiny ledge under an ice wall. With relief I climbed up to it.

Ten days before, Camp 6 had been the main

base for operations on the Lhotse Face, but now it was a camp only in name. Some odd pieces of equipment, a few ropes, and some empty tins were the only evidence left of an uncomfortable but essential staging point. We sat down on the ledge and dangled our feet over the slope below. It looked awfully steep.

We moved on again, winding in and out among crevasses and climbing some steep but short ice-slopes. Only a short distance above us now were the stragglers from the first party, making slow and heavy work of it. Lowe and Gregory had already disappeared behind the ice pinnacle concealing Camp 7. Feeling like an express train overhauling a slow freight, we caught up with these men and made sure that they were capable of reaching the camp.

We started up the last few hundred feet; a careful move along a narrow ice ridge with a deep crevasse on the left, a slow and cautious climb up a steep ice bluff, and we were at the foot of the final slopes. We had climbed three thousand feet and were a little tired. With the pleasant feeling of a job nearly done, we climbed round the side of an ice pinnacle and emerged just below the tents of Camp 7.

I glanced at my watch—it was only 12.30 p.m. We had done it in three and a quarter hours—easily the fastest time yet. With a glow of satisfaction I strode up to the tents and cheerfully greeted Lowe and Gregory.

### Kept Picked Men In Reserve

That afternoon at Camp 7 was the finest we had had for six weeks. The sun beat down with considerable warmth and there was hardly a breath of wind. We prepared everything for the next day—loads were made up for the Sherpas and oxygen sets supplied with full bottles. Eight Sherpas were spending the night with us at Camp 7. Three of these were specially picked men with good records whom we had kept in reserve to carry loads for the camp we planned to establish at about 28,000 feet. The other five were a magnificent group of men who had all carried loads to the South Col for us before, and had volunteered to do it a second time.

The sun disappeared behind a distant peak and freezing cold descended. But we were comfortably inside our sleeping-bags, sipping at a mug of hot soup and munching a few biscuits.

I awoke next morning feeling cold and uncomfortable. It was very early, but I knew that it would take a long time to prepare our breakfast and depart. I stirred the sleeping Tenzing and then bellowed out across to the other tents to wake the Sherpas and get them to start up the paraffin stoves. They were understandably reluctant to respond, but when Tenzing joined in we produced a duet that would have wakened the dead. Soon we heard the familiar rattling sounds of the stove-lighting operation.

Any task at this altitude takes a long time, as the brain and body, affected by the lack of oxygen, have little co-ordination or concentration. It was at least an hour and a half before we managed to get a lukewarm mug of tea, and with this we munched a few biscuits.

### No Place For Us To Relax

Tenzing crawled out of the tent first and I crawled after him. I was joined by Lowe and Gregory and we discussed our prospects optimistically. Meanwhile Tenzing was hurrying the other Sherpas in their preparations. We issued the loads. On one rope we tied the three "high altitude" Sherpas, and on another the five who were only going to the South Col. Lowe and Gregory roped up together and so did Tenzing and I.

The upper Lhotse Face continued in a succession of steep and difficult ice walls. Nowhere was there a place where we could really relax. I led off upwards. I could feel my uncomplaining leg muscles taking the lead easily as I forced myself upwards. I must be going well! I didn't need to worry about Tenzing. I knew that he would be plugging up behind, climbing safely and with determination.

**Evans and Bourdillon got within reach of the summit—and turned back. Encased in ice, they struggled down exhausted, with precious oxygen bottles they had salvaged to give to Hillary**

We were drawing steadily away from the rest of the party and I knew that we would have to stop and wait for them. We crossed the last crevasse and reached the top of the Lhotse glacier. Moving up a few feet to a safe spot, we settled down in the snow to wait and rest.

A murmur of voices and some grunts of effort told us that the others were crossing the crevasse and they soon appeared, moving laboriously, each step a slow and studied action. With gasps of relief the Sherpas sank down beside us. Our five South Col "tigers" looked cheerful and fit, but Lowe told us that the three high altitude "specials" were not going at all well. This was a worry, as we were expecting to get a good deal of help from them.

I was munching a little chocolate when a shout from George Lowe attracted my attention. I looked in the direction he was pointing and had one of the greatest thrills I have ever experienced. High above us loomed the South Summit of Everest, joined to the South Col by the long south-east ridge. And moving on to that ridge were two tiny figures. They were the first assault team, Evans and Bourdillon.

Excitedly we watched them. They were going well, very well! We knew that their primary objective was to reach the South Summit, but all our hopes were high that they might have sufficient time and energy to go on towards the top. Then we noticed two figures a little distance behind, and going rather more slowly.

According to our plans this should have been John Hunt and two Sherpas carrying loads of equipment and oxygen up to the ridge for the second assault party to use when we established our camp. But apparently only one of the Sherpas had started. Feeling very excited, we loaded ourselves up again and started on to the great traverse leading to the South Col.

Lowe and Gregory had the responsibility of getting the Sherpas to the Col and had to stay with them, but I was keen on getting up there quickly to give any assistance that was needed to the first party. The route lay across the tremendous slope which runs in one great sweep from the summit of Lhotse to the Western Cwm. I headed on to this traverse with a rush.

The wonderful views opening up all round us, the terrific depths underneath, meant nothing. My whole life was encompassed by the next step and the next breath. Forcing my lungs to the utmost, I sought to draw in the maximum of life-giving air—to relieve the dreadful feelings of deadness in my limbs and pain in my chest. My whole body was crying out for rest, but I knew that it was just a weak delusion of the flesh that had to be ignored. "South Col or bust!"—that was the story.

Ruthless in my determination, I looked round at the luckless Tenzing. But I need have had

*Continued on page 32*

Well run, Tim!—

—I'm giving you a special treat for supper—your Aunt brought the Baked Beans for your Batchelors Pie.

## Batchelors PIE

*1 16 oz. can Batchelors Baked Beans; 8 oz. left-over cold meat from the joint, or pressed beef; 1 medium-sized onion, minced or finely chopped; 3-4 tablespoons gravy; ½ teaspoon of a worcester sauce; salt and pepper to taste; 3 tomatoes, sliced.*

Mince or chop the meat, then mix the onion, gravy and sauce. Season to taste and turn into an ovenproof dish. Cover meat with beans and arrange tomatoes round edge of dish. Decorate with mashed potatoes, if you wish. Cover the dish with a piece of greased paper and bake in a moderate oven (Mark 4 or 350°F.) for 40 to 45 minutes. Serve hot.

**Change to Batchelors** *wonderful* **Baked Beans**—*for good!*

aa13/80

Tesler (second from right) seeks new ideas at a rehearsal. When a singer forgot her words, he let viewers see her peeping at the score

Larry and Pauline Forrester, researchers for *Ask Pickles*, call on zoo man George Cansdale. In one programme, Tesler had a man shaved in a lion's cage

# Brian Tesler captures TV—by surprise

*by JACK ATACK*

**In three years his shock tactics and zest for thrills have put him at the top. As television's youngest producer, he enlivens shows with unexpected shots—or peps up a panel with monkeys**

WHEN THE PANEL game, *Guess My Story*, was being prepared for television, its producer, Brian Tesler, had a sample film made of the proposed panel. He showed it to Cecil McGivern, the programme boss. "It needs speeding up, and a glamorous woman personality," said McGivern. "We'll discuss it later. Pat Kirkwood is in my office, and I can't keep her waiting."

"Pat Kirkwood? She's just the glamorous woman personality we need," said Tesler.

McGivern walked away looking thoughtful at this latest example of quickness which has earned Tesler, at twenty-six the B.B.C.'s youngest producer, a reputation as television's golden boy.

Although neither friends nor enemies can deny Tesler's surprising rise to prominence, some tend to look wryly on his reputation. He came to the B.B.C. in 1952 after taking a First in English Literature at Exeter College, Oxford, and with little broadcasting experience. Yet within two years Tesler was producing *Down You Go, The Name's the Same, Guess My Story, And So to Bentley, Ask Pickles*, and several variety shows. Of eight new panel games tried in the summer of 1954, Tesler produced the three most popular, *Tall Story Club, Find the Link* and *One of the Family*.

Tesler's monopoly of the cream of recent variety programmes has made some colleagues wonder at his quick success. Tesler, however, is unable to discern any limit to his ability to handle most television programmes, or to cope with the strenuous hard work entailed. When, in a week in which Tesler was doing three other shows, Ronnie Waldman, the variety chief, told him he was giving *Guess My Story* to another producer, Tesler was baffled.

"He just couldn't understand," says a friend, "why he couldn't do everything. He seemed like a hurt child."

One of the gimmicks which Tesler uses is to rely on the British public's love of animals. This is not new in show business, but Tesler has played the idea to its utmost. His best-remembered, and most successful, use of it occurred at the end of one edition of *Guess My Story*, when challengers included a man and a woman who came from a farm which had been invaded by fifty monkeys escaped from a circus.

Tesler had two of the monkeys released on to the set. One jumped on to James Robertson Justice's lap and pulled his beard. The other chattered into the microphone, then ran off with Pat Kirkwood's cigarette holder, with Pat in pursuit. Tesler's last shot was of one of the monkeys nibbling a pencil with the concentrated look of a panellist.

Not all the animals, however, have behaved as appreciatively as they ought. When, in one *Ask Pickles* edition, a man was to shave a guest in a lion's cage, the lion bounded dutifully

*Continued on page 47*

# The Girl Child

*by* **NORAH BURKE**

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARDS

**For five years the leopard had eaten the flesh of man. He had killed her mother. And now he had chosen her**

LITTLE AMMA'S FATHER SAID, "I will load my gun and go down into the valley and tell those pilgrims that they must not camp out in the open like that, now that they have entered the man-eater's territory."

He was standing at the door of his hut, above the terraced cultivation, looking down at camp fires that showed like stars in the darkening valley.

Little Amma wanted to say, "There is not time. It is nearly dark now," but she didn't dare. Her father was headman of the village, and a man, and she was only a girl child. She was a little undernourished ten-year-old body of bird bones and large luminous dark eyes; and her mother had been taken by the leopard three years ago.

Amma watched her father load the gun. He took the powder horn and the little bottle of gun oil that smelt so nice, and he measured powder and shot and arranged them with much care in the gun; and he put a new good flint in place of the perfectly good one that was already there.

"Latch the door," he said, "but do not put the beam across. It may be that I shall need to enter in a hurry."

This was a house of wood and grass and bamboo and baked mud—a house which, like a termite's nest, had come up out of the earth in which it grew. It was a large sound house, such as befits the headman of a village: it had two rooms, and a separate shed for the animals.

Amma stood at the top of the veranda steps and watched her father go. The door beside her was scored from top to bottom with the leopard's claw marks, as all the other doors in the village were also, but she felt no fear. The man-eater ranged over five hundred square miles of thickly forested mountains and ravines, up and down the pilgrim route to Kedarnath and Badrinath, and the source of the sacred Ganges—a route which Hindus walk barefoot from Hardwar to the ancient shrines. In five years the leopard had killed in this village only twice before, so, like the deer of the forest who feel nothing while the enemy remains unseen, Amma felt nothing either.

She drew her bit of cotton clothing across her tummy to keep off the cold wind of evening, and watched her father descending the terraced cultivation towards the camp fires in the valley.

When he was out of sight, she glanced round once at the familiar mountains—the Himalayan landscape of forested ridge, and cliff, and inaccessible crag now tipped with sunset. On the nearer foothill slopes of scrub and bamboo, she and the women of the village gathered grass for thatching and fodder, while the children grazed goats and collected sticks and the men attended to this and that and went down to the bazaar. But all were indoors by night. To stay out was to court death.

Amma trotted round on her evening tasks. She secured the goat and the buffalo in their shed, the goat butting gently at her with its little horns, and the buffalo standing patiently in its corner. It was a large valuable creature of big bones in a black skin, of rolling eyes and wet nostrils and clouds of sweet warm breath.

Amma brought in the big pitcher of lard-white buffalo milk. She threw the dung on to the roof to dry for fuel, littered the animals down for the night, and fixed their door with the iron bolts and the cross pegs.

As she was coming back to the house, a little barking deer up the hillside began to call.

Although kakur were so nervous they would call for nothing, Amma stopped and looked. There was nothing to be seen of course, but a leopard can use cover nine inches high.

She stood listening.

After a moment, from far up the hillside, came the rush of wings of a peacock rising, and its alarm cry. A troop of langur monkeys took up the call. She could hear them, leaping, and crashing in the tree tops.

One of the large carnivora was on the move, and every jungle creature marked his path.

It could, of course, be an ordinary harmless tiger, but Amma went in the house and latched the door.

Presently, if it was all right, she would bake two chuppattis and roll some fiery spices ready for her father. But, for the present, she did not light the lamp, because although light and fire and noise will keep a cattle-killing leopard off as a rule, this one was different.

THERE was perfect silence. From the village not a single sound came. Amma hoped that her father would stay with the pilgrims now, and that if the leopard was on his way down there, he would choose someone else. Perhaps they were Gujars, who could rely on their buffaloes to give them warning. Or maybe they were packmen, with a travelling flock, packing salt and gur, and they would have big black fierce sheep dogs to give tongue.

She thought of the night her mother was taken, how her mother went outside for just one moment, how they heard nothing at all but the clatter of the brass pitcher she had been carrying. In the morning Amma and her father went out to look for something to burn and cast into the Ganges. They found the hair and a few bones.

Amma listened. There was not a single sound. The hut was in perfect darkness, the window wedged with a great stone, but she could tell it was dark outside too now because of the crack round the door and the bats gone out of the thatch and the silence from the striped squirrels up there.

Under her bare feet was the cool mud floor, beaten smooth and hard. Against her foot lay the great beam which they fixed across the door every night, and now she slipped one toe along the smooth, cool wood, to make sure it was not in the way if her father had to hurry in.

Suddenly, outside, a pine cone rattled lightly down the bank and hit the wall of the hut.

She heard the buffalo stir on her dry grass, and then the snort and the bell tonking, and the clink of the goat chain, as the animals got to their feet, aware of the presence of a carnivore.

SUDDENLY the goat began to give tongue—loud blaring bleats that made the air tremble with terror. Amma went stiff, waiting for the animals to be attacked. Nothing happened.

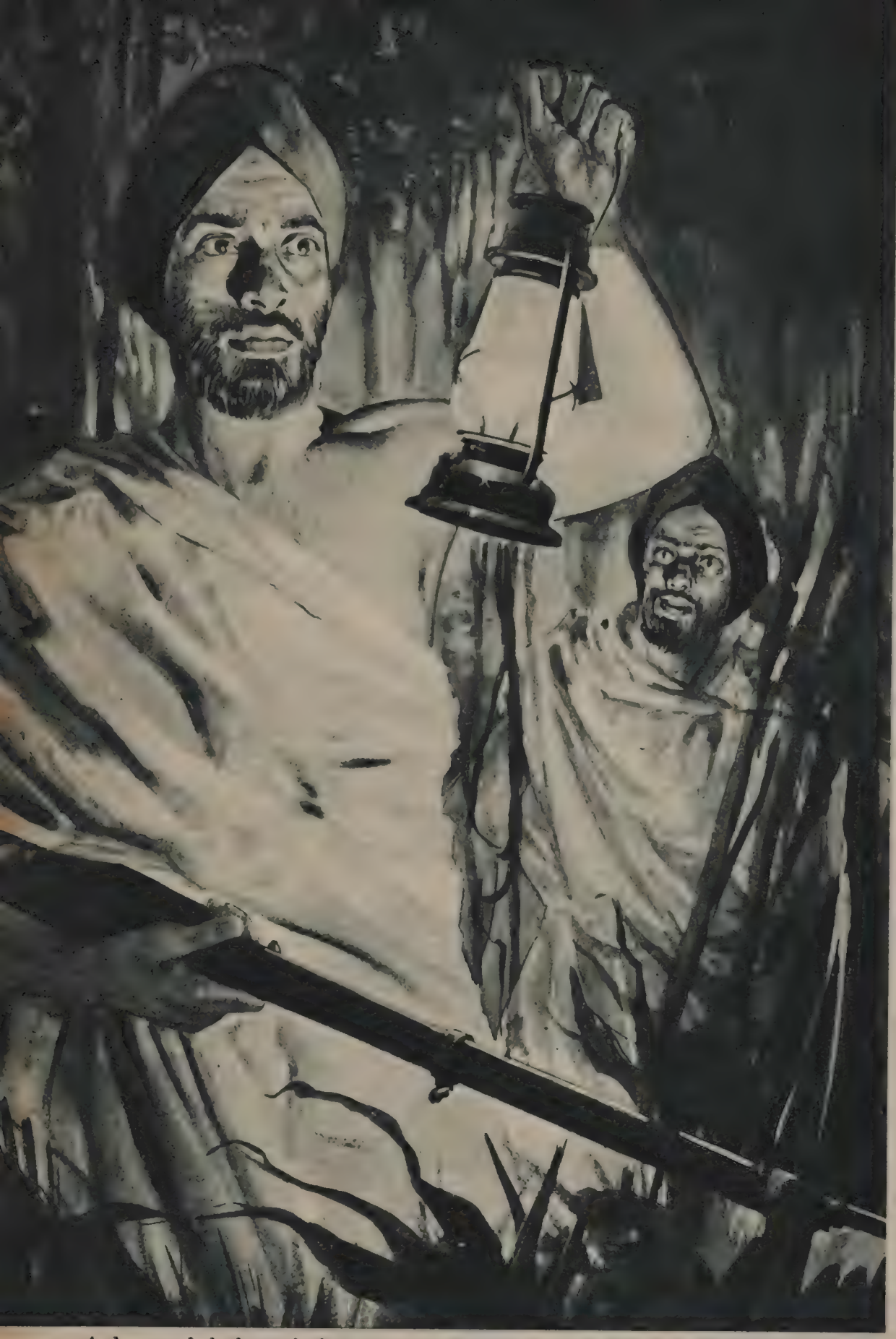
Then she knew that it was the man eater. He did not want the goat or the buffalo, and all her skin crawled with the first cold thrill of the flesh to fear.

She was standing by the door, listening, but she could hear nothing. He would be going round the house, sizing it up, looking for a soft place. When morning came, they would find his pug-marks in the dust all up and down the village. In the deserted village of Lumgunj, it was said, his footprints were in every house.

He was accustomed to buildings and cultivation and paths. All leopards use paths but this one used them because they led to man. Perhaps, like other leopards in the high hills, he had been hard pressed for food, and obliged first of all to change his natural diet of wild deer, monkey and pig for the goats, dogs and stray cattle he found near the villages.

Then, five years ago, an epidemic made the usual rites of burning impossible, and the many human bodies were, instead, given a live coal in the mouth and cast into the valley below. The beautiful graceful leopard, with all its activity, devilish cunning and potential savagery, will eat carrion, and so this one came to eating man. Leopards are prolific vermin anyway. They may

**Fearfully, Amma curled herself up like a mouse in its hole. The leopard stared up at her, measuring the distance, and tensed himself to spring**



As he neared the house, he heard her shout: "Father! Do not come home. The leopard is here"

be shot—or trapped: but nothing—not poison, traps, spring guns or anything else—had been able to secure this one. For five years he had eaten man.

Amma retreated silently into the room and stood listening.

With his poor sense of smell, the leopard would not know for certain perhaps that she was here. Neither could he see her. But at the least sound he would know.

The door creaked under pressure as he tested it. So he did know she was in the house. Amma shrank back inside her own small body. Drops of cold sweat began to run down her skin like flies. Sweat started out on her lips, and tasted salt as tears.

For now she knew that the leopard had chosen her.

He reared up and dropped. Again he pressed upon the door, which creaked at the hinges and at the latch. Again.

She heard him rise up and claw the whole length of the door, scr-cr-cratching the wood all down with his strong claws.

THEY'D had nights like this before. With the beam across the door, he had never been able to get in, but now she saw that he might. So at last she lit the lantern to frighten him with light, perhaps, but even then by habit turning the flame low to conserve oil and to preserve the chimney which they had bought last week from the bazaar and could ill afford to lose. And she hung the lantern on its peg on the wall.

The little flame, jumping because of a spot of water in the oil, began to evaporate some of the paraffin without burning it, and the stink filled the room. Bobbing light illuminated the place, the floor of beaten mud, the bags of grain and meal, the door——

Now she could see it bending under pressure.

The leopard crouched back and launched himself upon it with all his weight, and it shuddered under him. He was known to be a large and powerful old male who could carry a full grown man four miles and never show a drag mark.

There was the gleam of yellow claws as they came round the door to rip a strip of wood away. In a few moments he would be in.

Paralysis left her. She threw one glance round the room and the inner room. There was no box, nothing. But high in the roof was a great beam, and above it a space where her father kept valuables such as a brass pot full of ghee which had kept them alive through the famine, and no one knowing they had still got food.

She seized the long wooden bar which went across the door. It was too heavy to lift, but she lifted it, propped it against the beam and shinned up it with her bare toes, and fitted herself into the space over the beam, and kicked the wooden bar down. She was curled up tightly with her chin on her knees.

WHEN the falling wooden bar crashed and bounced on the mud floor, and rolled, the leopard growled and hurled himself again at the door.

The latch burst open, and with a splintering smash-crash he was in. There was a maddened stampeding of animals in the shed. They'd kill each other if they broke their chains.

The leopard had sprung in, ready to seize his victim immediately by the throat and kill her at once by dislocation of the neck, before shifting his hold to carry her off, but the room was empty. She could see his obvious surprise.

He toured both rooms, came back and stood underneath her. Then he looked up, straight at the child.

The tip of his tail twitched. He crouched low, gathering his muscles, measuring the distance. And sprang.

His claws caught the beam; and, for one moment, the gleaming teeth and hot breath and blazing golden eyes were up to her face. She heard the cog wheels in his throat. His back legs threshed but, as they found no foothold, his weight pulled his claws free and he fell with a thump on the floor, but, cat-like, on his feet.

Again he sprang, and again and again, with a twist of effort in mid-air. But no leap had in it the fire of the first one, and he now knew he could not get her that way.

He stood watching her, and then he subsided on to the floor, his paws straight in front of him and his tail straight out behind.

By the light of the lantern she could see that he was, as they said, a very large old male leopard. He was pale: in the lamplight the spots hardly showed. He looked like a skin that had been lying in sunlight for many years and is faded lion-colour. The tip of his tail ticked to and fro, and his eyes glowed.

Cool night air from the door was blowing away the lamp smell and closed-hut smell, and bringing in the heavy scent of a climbing shrub. Bringing in white moths and malaria mosquitoes and a flying beetle.

And there the fiend sat, with his mouth open, smiling, the point of a black tongue panting on his teeth: for the inside of his mouth had gone black, so they said, from eating man.

There was perfect silence. Amma crouched like a mouse dead in its hole. Her bit of cotton clothing and all her long black hair were wringing wet. In the silence she could hear a heavy moth bumping the lamp chimney, and then the flare and fizzle as it fell in the flame.

Outside, the rest of the village was huddled, terrified, behind doors barricaded with rock and thorn. Each person tried to be farthest from the door, though the man-eater had been known to

*Continued on page 50*

m'm

Taste the fruit!

# Joseph Collier builds a shopping empire

*by JOHN HARMAN*

**"To please women," he says, "one has to be illogical." It is one of the secrets which have made him a chain-store millionaire who still looks for dust along the counters**

Collier's dress shops have all-glass lobbies and doors. "Window gazers," he says, "find themselves inside, perhaps before they realize"

WHEN JOSEPH COLLIER, the ruler of a chain-shop empire spread throughout Britain, called at a store which he had just bought for £375,000, his first impression was a bad one. The manager was expecting him, but a girl typist who did not know of the appointment or Collier's identity questioned him and said that the manager was too busy to see anybody. Reluctantly, she fetched a secretary, who repeated the cross-examination.

"While this was going on, a third girl served cups of tea," says Collier. "By the time I had penetrated into the manager's office, I had decided that there were too many surplus people around."

In eighteen months, he reduced the staff by 150, and used the money he saved to increase the salaries of the remaining five hundred. He injected new life into the store by thoroughly overhauling every detail, from redesigning price tickets to purchasing merchandise which would sell more quickly and raise the turnover. These innovations, plus eye-catching window displays, more than doubled the number of customers.

Three and a-half-years after taking over, he accepted an £825,000 offer for the business.

### Hates Any Kind Of Waste

The sale, though producing an outright gain of £450,000, was a deviation from his normal policy. Collier, a thick-set, quietly pushful Londoner of fifty-six, who is economical with words—"I hate waste of any kind"—prefers to keep members of his United Drapery Stores group together in order to finance expansion.

When he joined the group as a director during the war, it had comparatively few interests and showed an annual profit of less than £100,000. By systematically buying and improving well-established firms, among them Fifty Shilling Tailors, which he has renamed the John Collier Organization, he now runs nearly six hundred men's and women's wear shops, ten department stores and nine factories. In 1953-54, group profits before taxation were £2,601,584. In the following year, there was a substantial increase.

When it was rumoured that he was taking over a rival tailoring chain, that firm's shares rose on the Stock Exchange. Journalists pursued him for a statement. One of them telephoned his Hampstead home at midnight. He took the call in bed; then, after bluntly denying the rumour, he turned over and went to sleep. Publication of the denial made the shares drop by five shillings.

Collier controls his huge domain with a kindly but resolute omnipresence. His first step in building up a business is to make himself personally known to every employee. Frequent interviews with the senior executives enable him to pass on instructions, and he checks that they are carried out.

### He Paid Women To Complain

When he felt that some of his manageresses were dealing with complaints unsympathetically, he told them how to soothe dissatisfied customers. Then, unknown to them, he hired women to buy clothes at their shops and return several days afterwards, demanding refunds and threatening to cause scenes. The treatment they received was reported back to him.

His staff soon learned to be constantly alert for the tours of inspection which he makes at short notice. On entering a shop, he wants to know the latest sales position. "Many men, if given a sheet of figures, would look at the totals on the bottom line," says one of his managers. "Collier has an uncanny knack of going straight

"I spent years evolving a layout for women's shops," says Joseph Collier. To attract custom, he has had perfume sprayed in the air

In one of his shops, Collier inspects goods with the manageress. To see how his employees treat their customers, he has hired women to demand refunds

to an item in the middle of the sheet which is not as good as it ought to be."

He walks through departments, running his fingers along the counter tops in search of dust, and asking assistants about their merchandise. A glance from him is sufficient reproach for a buyer who has bought an unsaleable frock, or for a window-dresser who loses trade by leaving a dummy unclothed.

The designs of display themes and shop interiors are submitted to him for approval. "I spent years evolving a layout for my women's dress shops," he says. "The result is an all-glass lobby with glass doors. Window-gazers find themselves inside the shop, perhaps before they realize it."

Other devices which have helped to attract customers include the spraying of perfume into the air, a background of sweet music, and a tree of stuffed birds which moved their beaks in time to recorded chirps.

"The idea was dropped because people thought the birds were alive, and reported me to the R.S.P.C.A."

Collier maintains a close watch on his group by means of weekly sales charts, which are sent to him by every shop under his command. Showing exactly how many goods of each type and colour have been sold, compared with the corresponding period in the previous year, they allow him to study trends in public buying.

His ability to memorize charts has unnerved subordinates. When one South London store had a record year's turnover of £2 million, he went to a staff party, held to celebrate the event, and departed from his prepared speech.

"As I talked, I remembered their most recent figures, which I had studied earlier in the day," he says. Without a pause, he quoted the sales and orders in hand of a hundred departments, from trimmings to furniture, toys, hardware and fish. He congratulated buyers who had done well, and chided those who had bought unwisely or let their stocks get low.

On another occasion, he surprised colleagues by looking at a chart and announcing that an office junior in one of his shops was a thief. He explained that the shop's expenditure on stamps had risen, without a corresponding increase in the number of letters posted. He reasoned that the extra stamps were being stolen and was proved right.

"Statistics are stories of human problems," he says, "and no problems are new to me. I have had to solve them at least once already."

Born in Stepney, the third son of a tailor, Collier dedicated himself to the cause of making money while still a boy. "After he was given a magic lantern for his birthday, he held shows and charged a halfpenny admission," says his sister, Fay. "The actual possession of money did not interest him. As soon as he was satisfied that he could earn it, he gave it to beggars in the street."

### Less Than A Penny Profit

On leaving school, he worked in a tobacconist's, and by the age of twenty-one had saved £30 with which to start a business of his own.

He rented a shop near the Elephant and Castle at £60 a year, engaged his sister as an assistant—"I could settle her wages without argument"—and decided that hosiery would be the best line to suit his limited capital. He sold black, white, grey and champagne stockings in two sizes, large and small, at a profit of less than a penny a pair.

The shop prospered, and in 1933, following remarks from customers that his stockings did not wear well, he invested everything in a project for selling a ladder-proof type. Believing he was on the brink of a revolution in the clothing industry, he lay awake at night, thinking up sales promotion schemes. He guaranteed the stockings for two months, and publicized them in advance by hiring a girl to sit in his window and stab them with a fork.

When the great day for launching the new line arrived, a policeman was needed to marshal the queue of excited women.

"I will never forget my first customer," he says. "She picked up one of the stockings and rubbed it between her fingers. Then she examined the lisle backing and said: 'It feels rather thick. I'll have a pair of the usual.' "

The whisper went round that the stockings were thicker than rayon ones, and the rest of the crowd melted away. Collier was left with his stock on his hands. He re-labelled the stockings "for housework" and sold them at fourpence a pair.

Later, he got some other stockings which were so delicately spun that he threaded twelve of them through a wedding ring. He put up a notice: YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED. THESE WILL NOT WEAR. "The reaction confirmed my theory that, to please women, one has got to be illogical. They were best-sellers."

His urge to expand made him buy three neighbouring shops and join the premises together. He added millinery, clothing and shoes to his stock. When a local chain of stores came on the market, he bought it, and within a year had raised the net profit from £168 to £9,000.

The achievement was short-lived. The stores were bombed on May 10, 1941, and he walked among the ruins the next morning, convinced that his career had ended. Nevertheless, he concentrated his efforts in one shop, which was hastily repaired, and did better than he had done from the chain. In 1944, realizing that one more bomb could finish him entirely, he sold out and joined his present firm.

Today, as when he started in business, Collier is usually the first to arrive and the last to leave his office building. He has never taken a holiday lasting longer than a few days, and the amputation of his left leg in 1947 stopped his only hobby, golf. "I work hard for the same reason that a child builds bricks," he says. "I like to see things grow. My desire for personal gain has passed."

### Jokes About His Money

When challenged with being a millionaire, he says jokingly: "That depends on the state of the Stock Exchange on any particular day." He lives modestly, shuns ostentation, and has brought up both his daughters to appreciate the value of money.

Recently, he gave his two and a half year old grandson a present of a toy cash register. "I wanted him to follow in the family tradition. The boy began by ringing up farthings. I am teaching him to ring the nineteen shillings and elevenpence." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

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## HIGH ADVENTURE

*Continued from page 23*

no worries. Head down, he was matching me step for step with dogged determination. We were gaining height rapidly. High up, the wind was rising and the south-east ridge was enveloped in cloud. But, as we strained our eyes upwards, the ridge suddenly cleared, and we could see Evans and Bourdillon still climbing strongly and now halfway up to the South Summit.

Already they were nearly as high as men had ever been. John Hunt and his companion had stopped a little way up the ridge and were going no farther. The clouds closed in again and we concentrated all our attention on the slopes ahead.

In order to reach the Col, we had to climb to the top of the rock Geneva Spur at 26,000 feet and then drop down a slope on the other side. We scrambled up a mixture of rock and snow and then finally to the top of the Geneva Spur. Several hundred feet below us was the South Col—icy, barren and windswept. Down there in a little lonely group were three small tents, their canvas bucking and thrashing in the wind.

Lowe, Gregory and the Sherpas were out of sight and well behind us, so without waiting for them we moved down the slope and approached the tents. We turned our oxygen off and removed our loads. My eyes strayed irresistibly back to the great slopes above us, and I suddenly noticed two black dots on the snow, moving slowly and painfully down towards us. They must be John Hunt and Da Namgyal! I asked Tenzing to prepare some hot drinks as quickly as possible, and without bothering to use any oxygen, I started up the icy slopes.

Hunt and Da Namgyal were moving at a funeral pace. They seemed only able to walk fifty feet before slumping down on the ice for a rest. I reached them just as John Hunt, exhausted, dropped to the ice once more.

### Couldn't Even Crawl

Hunt told me how he and Da Namgyal had carried their heavy loads up on to the south-east ridge as high as they possibly could. When they couldn't go a step farther and couldn't even crawl on their hands and knees, they left their loads in a little pile and struggled down.

Hunt was terribly tired, for in his unselfish urge to get supplies of oxygen as high as possible on the mountain, he had left his half-used bottle of oxygen up there and had come down without it.

I put John Hunt's arm over my shoulder and held him firmly round the waist and started down the ice slope again. We reached the tents and crawled inside; as John lay resting on his sleeping-bag, I flooded the tent with oxygen. The door opened and Tenzing thrust in a hot drink to complete the recovery.

Suddenly we heard excited voices. The tent swayed and shook as George Lowe thrust his bearded countenance into the entrance and shouted: "They're up! By God, they're up!" Then an elated George explained how the clouds had cleared for a moment, and he had seen the tiny figures of Evans and Bourdillon moving up on the South Summit. This was wonderful news! The South Summit was 28,700 feet high—only 300 feet from the top—and a lot higher than men had ever been before.

### Difficult Decision

Excitedly we discussed the likelihood of their going on towards the top. It was already late and we knew that it was a long way and their oxygen might be running short. They were going to have a difficult decision to make up there.

The Sherpas who were carrying loads to the Col for us for the second time had just arrived. Looking fit and strong, despite their exhausting carry, they answered our inquiries after their welfare cheerfully and told us that they were quite capable of getting down to Camp 7 again.

Our thoughts and attention had never strayed far from the ridge above, but we had seen nothing further of Evans and Bourdillon. More worrying, perhaps, was the non-appearance of our three Sherpa "specials." It was a great relief to us when they came over the Geneva Spur and descended slowly down towards us.

Our plans required all three of them to carry loads for us higher on the mountain, so we were worried to see that Ang Temba was weaving his way down the slope like a drunken man.

As he approached the tents, he stumbled and fell slowly on to his face and lay there—dead to the world! On the South Col you become hard; my only thought was: blast it, that's one less to carry a load tomorrow! We put Ang Temba inside a tent, out of the wind.

A cry from the observant George Lowe told us that he had caught sight of Evans and Bourdillon. Eagerly we looked to where he was pointing. The clouds had cleared for a moment and there they were—still at over 27,000 feet, but now crossing from the ridge into the steep snow couloir which leads down to the long slopes above the South Col. They seemed to be going very slowly. Just as the clouds blotted out our view we saw them start down the couloir.

We saw nothing more for ten minutes until the wind again relented and swept the clouds aside. We picked them out again. They were already at the bottom of the couloir. Now they were going very slowly indeed. We could see that they needed help. George grabbed his movie camera and then the two of us started up the slopes towards them.

The two men were an awe-inspiring sight. Clad in all their bulky clothes, with their great loads of oxygen on their backs and masks on their faces, they looked like figures from another world. They moved silently down towards us—a few stiff, jerky paces—then stop! Then a few more paces. They must be very near to complete exhaustion.

### Men Encased In Ice

With a lump in my throat, I climbed up to where they now stood waiting, silent and with bowed shoulders.

From head to foot they were encased in ice. There was ice on their clothing, on their oxygen sets and on their rope. Ice was hanging from their hair and beards and eyebrows; they must have had a terrible time in the wind and the snow.

Feeling more emotional than I thought possible, I threw my arms round their tired shoulders and muttered some familiar abuse. Charles Evans thumped me weakly in the ribs and his calm, lilting Welsh voice broke the spell and everthing seemed to come back to normal.

Despite their exhausted condition, the two men were carrying in their hands two bottles of oxygen—oxygen

# Consider your verdict

*by*

*RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.*

BILL was a traveller for a wholesale confectioner; he called on Mr. Worth, the proprietor of several prosperous sweet shops, with "a nice line in Easter eggs." They were attractively wrapped and in brightly coloured boxes.

The sample was just what Worth wanted, and he ordered a large supply. When the eggs were delivered, he took one look and sent them all back. They were unwrapped and were delivered in plain boxes, looking drab and unsaleable.

Worth immediately ordered his Easter eggs from another wholesaler. Bill went to see Worth to explain that his firm had made a mistake in the packing, although the eggs themselves were of the quality ordered. They had now been wrapped properly and could be sent at once. Worth refused to take them.

Bill's firm sued him for breach of contract; they had lost money because they had been unable to sell the eggs to anyone else.

"The quality of the eggs was good," said Bill in court. "They were up to sample, but owing to a small oversight, they did not arrive exactly as Worth expected. The mistake was quickly remedied. Worth was supplied in good faith and in accordance with the contract. He broke his agreement and must pay us damages."

"I ordered on the sample Bill showed me," replied Worth. "The delivered goods were not up to sample, and I was within my rights in rejecting them. If Bill's firm did not observe the contract, they cannot expect me to give them a second chance."

*What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 34*

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which the Swiss had jettisoned at the bottom of the couloir the previous autumn. Bourdillon had thought that it might be useful for sleeping purposes on the South Col.

We took the bottles from them and started helping them slowly down the hill. Soon we were met by Hunt and Gregory. And then Tenzing arrived with hot soup. Gently he wiped the ice off their beards and held the steaming mugs of soup to their lips. It took a long time to get up the small slope to the tents.

Evans and Bourdillon had a great deal to tell. Their original plan had been to leave very early in the morning, but they had experienced great trouble in getting their complicated closed-circuit oxygen sets to work, and at times it seemed that they wouldn't be able to start. At 7.30 they managed to get their sets going, and they set off from the South Col. They were breathing almost pure oxygen and this gave them great vigour, so they were able to climb quickly up on to the south-east ridge and make rapid height up it.

### Oxygen Set Failed

At 28,300 feet—already higher than any men had ever been before—they reached the bottom of the long, very steep slope running up to the South Summit. They could see that ahead of them were few, if any, places to rest, so they decided to change over to a fresh bottle of oxygen, even though their first bottle was not completely exhausted.

They couldn't take the risk of having their oxygen run out while they were doing some difficult or dangerous climbing. Leaving their nearly empty bottles behind them on the ridge as a reserve, they started off again. It was immediately apparent that something was wrong with Evans's set. Despite frantic efforts to fix it, they were never fully successful.

After a grim struggle they reached their primary objective—the South Summit—and were the first men to look along the ridge towards the top. They told us that the ridge looked a very formidable barrier indeed.

Then they had to make a difficult decision—should they go on or turn back? They had only a limited amount of oxygen left, they were tired, and the ridge ahead was harder than anything up which they had yet been. To balance these factors was the tantalizing thought that their life's ambition was almost within their grasp—the summit of Everest! Evans took the view that they had neither the strength nor oxygen to continue safely; Bourdillon thought that he might have a chance if he went on alone.

After some discussion, Bourdillon reluctantly agreed to turn back. Their trip down the ridge must have been a nightmare. Too tired to climb safely, they stumbled down, with frequent slips and falls, and only a kindly fate saving them from disaster. As Charles Evans rather wryly put it later: "We Yo-Yoed our way down on the rope!"

They had got down—that was the main thing—and after a feat of courage and endurance as great as had ever been performed by men at high altitudes. We felt terrifically elated and encouraged by their efforts.

### Scene Of Confusion

We sorted ourselves out for the night. The three Sherpa porters were together in a little dome tent: Hunt, Evans and Bourdillon, in an unselfish effort to give the second assault party any extra comfort which might maintain their strength, crowded into the two-man Meade tent; Lowe, Gregory, Tenzing and I were in the larger pyramid tent.

Hunched over against the wind, I made a final check to see that all our guy ropes were intact and then crawled into the pyramid tent. I looked into a scene of utter confusion. Gregory was lying stolidly full-length in his sleeping-bag on top of his air mattress and seemed to fill half of the tent. Lowe was struggling with a half-inflated air mattress, a sleeping-bag and some bottles of oxygen, in a determined effort to get enough room to lie down between Gregory and the wall of the tent.

Tenzing, sitting cross-legged, watched with an inscrutable air a great yellow flame, three feet high, which was surging from a paraffin stove between his knees. There didn't seem to be any room for me. With a hearty cry of "Hold tight! Here I come!" I forced my way inside, keeping a wary eye on the flaming cooker and giving a few helpful suggestions as to how to get it going properly.

We were all feeling hungry, which was a good sign, so we spent the next few hours getting a satisfactory meal out of our limited resources: biscuits, jam, honey, sardines, dates, chocolate, cheese, tinned fruit and hot soup were the main ingredients, but we probably got the majority of our energy requirements from mug after mug of hot water flavoured with lemon crystals and vast quantities of sugar.

With the meal completed, Tenzing turned off the cooker and then squeezed down into his sleeping-bag between us. George Lowe blew out the candle.

As our familiar but uncomfortable little world faded into darkness, the harsh reality of our situation flooded into my mind.

Crammed immovably between Tenzing and the quivering wall, I could feel the icy breath from outside penetrating through my sleeping-bag, through my down clothing and right into my bones. I felt a terrible sense of fear and loneliness. What was the sense in it all? A man was a fool to put up with it! And for what? Shuddering with the cold, I tried to put such thoughts aside and compose my mind so that the time might pass more quickly.

Under the merciful effects of the oxygen I drifted into a half-world of noise and cold and sleep—but, above all, of sleep. . . .

### Crescendo Of Fury

At four in the morning I came back to full consciousness with a bump, and found that our sleeping oxygen had run out. My air mattress had deflated and my frozen hip was resting on the ice. Outside, the wind was reaching a new crescendo of fury and our chances of starting up the mountain seemed non-existent. But we must be ready in case the wind dropped.

I jabbed the uncomplaining Tenzing in the ribs and murmured a few words about the cooker, and then snuggled back into my sleeping-bag.

Breathing quickly and audibly, Tenzing sat up and began to light the burner. Under the drag of altitude, all his movements seemed slow and languid, and it was a long time before the burner was going properly. I was feeling quite hungry and started rummaging around for food and disturbing my companions, but soon all of us were munching biscuits in the flickering light of the stove.

Time passed quite pleasantly as we ate and drank and told each other what a miserable night we had had.

It was now quite light and it was astonishing to see how our fears had vanished with the darkness. Lowe, Gregory and I discussed the weather pessimistically. It was quite obvious that if we started, we wouldn't get a hundred feet above the camp unless the wind dropped. The only thing we could do was wait. I decided to go over to the other tent and discuss the matter with John Hunt.

I reached the Meade tent and shouted hoarsely to its inmates. The door opened and I crawled thankfully inside. The congestion was frightful

## Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 32, the judge said that if goods ordered on a sample are not delivered up to sample, the buyer may reject them, because the seller has not observed the contract. It makes no difference that the mistake can be remedied easily. Worth had acted within his rights, and Bill's firm lost their case. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

and all I could see of Hunt, Evans and Bourdillon was a confused mass of faces, arms and bodies. I sat down on some unidentified legs and we discussed the weather. They all agreed that no upward move was possible.

It was essential, however, in order to conserve our supplies and because of the danger of their deteriorating physical condition, that Evans and Bourdillon should go down.

Towards midday they emerged from the tent and started strapping their crampons on to their boots. Ang Temba was going down too, as he had been sick all night. I helped them to rope up and then watched them start off towards the slopes leading to the Geneva Spur and the Western Cwm.

To conserve supplies for our assault, they weren't using oxygen, and they seemed pitifully weak without it. As I watched, Tom Bourdillon bent gradually forward and then, to my horror, fell full length on to the ice.

With visions of the immense labour involved in carrying Tom's fifteen stone down the mountain, I hurried up the slope towards them. Tom was still on the ice and seemed incapable of moving. We decided that we would have to use some oxygen. Charles and I returned to the tents, prepared an oxygen set and carried it back.

Tom was now on his hands and knees. Charles put the mask on his face and turned the oxygen on full strength. It brought life back into Tom's body and he was able to get to his feet. Still breathing oxygen, he started up the slope at a snail's pace.

### Hunt Wanted To Stay

I returned to the tents feeling very worried. I crawled in with John Hunt and George Lowe and told them what had occurred and of my fears that the three men would never get down. I thought that someone should go down with them. John immediately agreed that this was essential and suggested that George was the man to do it.

George pointed out rather forcibly that John was by now physically incapable of giving any assistance other than moral support, but John was adamant—he felt that he couldn't go down at this crucial stage. A very disgruntled George prepared to leave.

And then John came to a decision. It had suddenly penetrated his tired mind that our carrying strength was so depleted that if George went down it might prejudice the whole attack.

Immediately casting aside all his deep-seated feelings and worries, he decided to descend himself. I have never admired him more than for this difficult decision.

George Lowe started up the slope carrying Tom Bourdillon's pack, and I helped John to get ready. As he gathered together his few personal articles, we talked. He told me of his deep belief that we had a duty to climb the mountain if we could.

"The main thing, Ed, is to get down safely, but I know that you'll get to the top if you possibly can." In a rather shamefaced and uncomfortable Anglo-Saxon way, he handed me a small envelope and asked me if I would leave it on top.

I opened it and found in it a small white crucifix. John had received it in the post with a little note requesting that it be left on the summit. The idea had instinctively appealed to his idealistic nature. I put the crucifix in my pocket.

### Dragged On Groggily

I offered to carry John's pack for him to the top of the Geneva Spur, and we left the tent together. I knew that John was in a fairly weak condition, but until I started walking behind him, I didn't realize just how serious it was. With frequent stops he dragged himself up the slope, weaving groggily from side to side.

We arrived at the top of the Geneva Spur in time to see Bourdillon, despite his oxygen, flat on his face in the snow.

This was the last straw! Charles Evans seemed the only rational member of the party. I whispered in his ear: "For God's sake, Charles, keep an eye on John! He's out on his feet."

Charles turned on me his warm and friendly smile and said, "Don't worry, Ed—I'll get them down!" It is some indication of the vast respect I had for Charles that I felt a slight easing of my worry at his words. The four of them moved off. Four tired men—most of them with only the vaguest idea of what they were doing.

The party got down safely, but not without a grim struggle.

I spent most of the afternoon on the South Col preparing oxygen sets and making up loads for the following day.

We decided to reorganize ourselves for the night. Gregory had lain inactive in his sleeping bag in the pyramid tent for most of the day, so we left him there. George Lowe stayed with him while Tenzing and I moved into the relative comfort of the Meade

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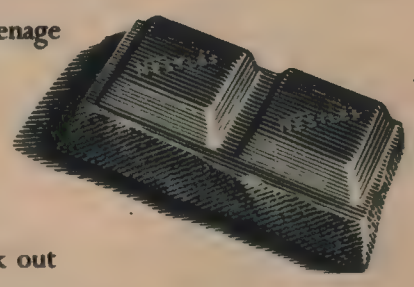

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**"You're too late, dear—he's apologizing"**

tent. Ang Nyima and Pemba were in the dome tent.

Our supply of oxygen was quite good, so we decided to use some again at night, making use of the two Swiss bottles that Bourdillon and Evans had carried down.

With a large spanner I screwed the adaptors into place and fitted them up with reducing valves for our sleeping masks. All day I had been wandering round with a large spanner in my hand and George commented, rather despairingly I thought, that I looked more like a mechanic than a mountaineer.

The wind was still blowing in full force as we settled down for another night.

I turned the oxygen on and blew out the candle. Accidentally my head touched the end wall of the tent and the thrashing canvas pummelled it like a pneumatic drill.

My thoughts drifted to Hunt and Evans and Bourdillon somewhere far down below us, and I wondered anxiously if they had reached the safety of Camp 7. I dozed off into an uneasy sleep.

I awoke with the feeling that something was wrong. It took me a moment to understand what it was, and then I realized that everything was deathly quiet—the wind had dropped completely. And then I heard it approaching again like an express train emerging from a tunnel; soon the tent was rocking and wrenching in familiar fashion.

But the fact that the wind had stopped, even for a moment, was the first hopeful sign we had had since I had reached the South Col.

I glanced at my watch—it was just after four o'clock, so I stirred Tenzing and we started our long, slow preparations for breakfast. By 7.30 the wind had started to ease a little and I crawled out of the tent and conferred with Lowe and Gregory in the pyramid tent.

### Hopes Were Shattered

We decided to start. All six of us were to carry substantial loads of oxygen, food and equipment, and the previous day we had carefully made them up so as not to have a pound of unnecessary weight.

I was checking oxygen loads when a shout from George Lowe attracted my attention and he came over to me with a very worried look on his face. Apparently Pemba had been ill all night and didn't feel capable of leaving. We went to see Pemba. It was absolutely vital, we thought, that he should carry a load for us up the mountain. But one look at him shattered our hopes.

Poor Pemba was a sad sight. He had been vomiting all night and looked pale and spiritless. This was a blow. We had only one Sherpa porter left now—the stalwart Ang Nyima—and a minimum of supplies had to be carried up the south-east ridge if we wanted to establish a high camp and have any chance of reaching the top.

Standing out in the wind, with the mountain towering above our heads, Lowe and I discussed our desperate situation. There seemed to be only two alternatives—to abandon the attempt, or to carry all this gear ourselves. To abandon the attempt was unthinkable. With great care I went through all the loads again, removing anything that wasn't absolutely essential.

Lowe, Gregory and Ang Nyima were to leave first and pioneer the route up to the south-east ridge, so that Tenzing and I could conserve our strength for the following day. At 8.45 they tied on their oxygen. With a cheerful wave, George led off from camp—he seemed to be in great form.

### Packed My Luxuries

I turned away and started to pack my own load. Into a light cloth bag I crammed a sleeping-bag, an air mattress, spare clothing, two spanners for the oxygen sets, two masks and tubes for our sleeping oxygen, a pencil and paper, two boxes of matches, and some sticking plaster.

Then, because I heartily disliked the majority of the assault ration which had already been carried on ahead, I added to my load some food that I was sure that I would like—two packets of dates, two tins of sardines, a half-used carton of honey, a few small packets of lemon crystals and, most precious of all, a tin of apricots in syrup.

I had carried the majority of this food up from Camp 4 and had kept it carefully concealed from the ravenous eyes of my companions. My cloth bag was almost bursting at the seams under this load, and although cold reason told me that most of this food wasn't really essential, I couldn't summon up the courage to part with any of it.

When it was nearly ten o'clock, we crawled out of the tent and tied up the entrance. I spoke to the prostrate Pemba and asked him to keep an eye on the tents.

We heaved our loads on to our backs and I felt my shoulders sag under the strain. We put on our oxygen masks and as the oxygen flowed into my lungs, my load seemed to lose half of its weight.

I searched the slopes above for the first party and quickly picked them out—three black dots a third of the way up the great snow couloir leading towards the south-east ridge. They seemed hardly to move at all.

With sinking feelings I wondered if it was proving too much for them. I glanced at Tenzing—a formidable figure in his bulky garments and great burden—and his nod showed that he was ready to leave.

With an automatic reaction, I checked the nylon rope tying us together and then led off from the tents. I dropped down the slopes to the lowest point of the South Col and then

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slowly began ascending the ice-slope leading towards the mountain.

As the slope steepened, I could feel the drag of altitude which even the oxygen couldn't banish, and I set myself grimly to the task ahead. Soon, the dreadful weakness disappeared from my legs and I achieved a slow, laborious yet rhythmical pace that carried me steadily upwards.

We laboured on, bodies bent well forward to counter our burdens, every step a conscious effort of will. Only a short distance ahead of us, cutting right across the slope, was a great crevasse. As we came up to it, we noticed with relief that its lower lip was flattened out and that there was ample room to sit down and have our first good rest since leaving camp.

We turned off our oxygen, removed our masks and sat there, quietly drawing in long gulps of cool, fresh air. I looked upwards. The other party was now two-thirds of the way up the couloir and I could just distinguish an ice-axe swinging rhythmically in the hands of George Lowe.

Reluctantly we got to our feet. Above the crevasse, the ice-slope steepened considerably in the three hundred feet still to go to the foot of the couloir. We crossed the crevasse and then started tackling the slope.

### Time Had No Meaning

As the angle of the slope increased, we found it impossible to climb it direct with our heavy loads, and instead we zigzagged our way upwards in order to give some relief to overburdened legs and lungs. We were gaining height relatively quickly.

Every thirty or forty steps, we would stop to rest, with our chests on our bent knees to give our backs and lungs a chance to recover. Time seemed to have lost its meaning.

We were shocked into attention by a new problem. There was an ominous whirr from above and instinctively we ducked and hunched our heads into our shoulders. Next moment we were showered and clouted by a stream of ice and snow chips falling at great speed.

I looked up and saw that we had reached the foot of the great couloir and that, high above us, George Lowe was cutting a long line of steps. By the time the debris from his ice-axe reached us, it had achieved a decidedly uncomfortable and perhaps dangerous velocity. We retreated hastily along our tracks out of danger. It would be unsafe for us to enter the couloir until the others had finally got out of it.

As soon as they were clear of the couloir, Tenzing and I began our slow but steady progress up the steps.

Underneath us, the slope ran in one great sweep of a thousand feet down to the tiny flapping tents on the South Col. As we climbed upwards, I could pick out readily from the shape and spacing of the steps the stretches when Gregory, and on one occasion Ang Nyima, had been giving George Lowe a change with the step cutting.

George is an adept with the ice-axe, and when we went off his steps it was just like turning off the main highway on to a rather bumpy side road—you got along it all right, but it tended to cut down your speed.

With this great stairway to go up, we made rapid progress and zigzagged our way to the rocks near the top of the couloir. We scrambled up to the foot of another steep snow slope and another long line of steps. We reached the crest of the slope to see the other party only fifty feet away sitting on some rocks on the south-east ridge.

Just in front of us was one of the loneliest sights I have ever seen. On a little snow shelf perched the tattered remnants of a small tent. Some of the metal framework and the guy ropes were still standing, but the majority of the fabric had been torn away by a year of Everest's winds. Nearly everything was frozen rigid into the ice, but a few frayed rags were still flapping pathetically in the breeze.

I turned to Tenzing and gestured towards the tent and he smiled and shrugged his shoulders. He wasn't likely to forget the night that he had spent there with the Swiss guide Raymond Lambert, without drink or food or even sleeping-bags. We continued on up to the ridge, turned off our oxygen, took off our loads and then sat down with our companions.

### Behaved Like Novices

We were at a height of about 27,000 feet. Happily free of our packs, George and I scrambled round excitedly taking photographs and enthusiastically discussing the wonderful views in every direction—views of mighty peaks, of spectacular Himalayan ice ridges, of deep valleys and great glaciers, and even, in the distance, of brown and rounded foothills. We were like a couple of novices on our first climb.

I checked all the oxygen sets, then we started off again. About 150 feet above us was our first objective—the equipment which John Hunt had carried up for us several days before. The ridge ahead rose quite steeply, but it wasn't difficult and we had plenty of good handholds and footholds. But we climbed very carefully for all that.

And then we came upon the dump—an impressive pile of oxygen bottles a tent, food and fuel, all of it essentia for our high camp. We sat down or

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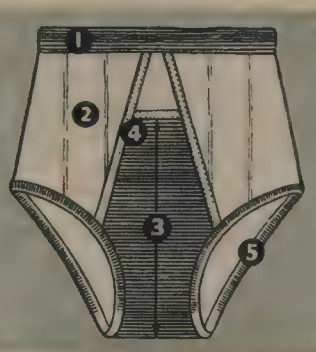


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the ridge and looked at it. To add all this to our loads were going to give us burdens far heavier than it was thought possible to carry at this altitude, even using oxygen. We didn't even know if we *could* carry it.

But weight was not the only problem. There was also the difficulty of attaching this gear to our already bulky loads. There were two particularly troublesome objects—a Meade tent weighing fourteen and a half pounds and a large, black oxygen bottle weighing twenty pounds. George and I discussed the problem lugubriously. It was obvious that one of us was going to have to carry more than the others because of the peculiar size of the objects.

Finally I made up my mind: "Look, George I'll take the tent if you'll do the route-making up the ridge."

George estimated quickly that I would have a load of over sixty pounds and commented that I would not be much use the next day if I carried that weight up the ridge. But finally he agreed that there was no alternative.

### Tottered To My Feet

I squatted down and put my arms through the shoulder straps of my pack and then gradually eased the weight on to my back. Grunting with the effort, I tottered slowly to my feet. I felt as though I was being crushed into the earth.

I had carried sixty-three pounds and more many times in New Zealand—it was never any fun—but carrying such a load at 27,000 feet made quite a difference.

Experimentally, I tried moving round without oxygen, and although I was heavy and slow, it was encouraging to find that I could move at all.

I put on my oxygen and shouted: "O.K. George, I'm right! You do the work and I'll follow in the rear."

George grinned and waved cheerfully. Then, bent under his own enormous load, he led off up the ridge. There was no doubt now that our pace had dropped off considerably. Every step had become a separate entity—a major task that was going to require a maximum of effort.

### Straining Our Lungs

Our eyes continually searched the ridge ahead for the next foothold. Instead of striding like giants, we were now stepping like pygmies and any lift of more than six inches was too much for our straining legs and lungs.

Despite this, we were making progress—climbing even more carefully, if that were possible, because we knew that our reserves were very limited.

Then the ridge came to a short but steep bluff. We climbed it slowly and with difficulty. Gregory seemed almost at the limit of his strength and was groaning with the effort. Ang Nyima had to be helped up with a tug on the rope. At the top of the step we rested, and then George moved on again.

Our eyes searched anxiously for a tiny ledge—any place on which we could pitch a tent. And always there was a site fifty feet above our heads, and always, when we reached it, it would be impossible.

Ahead of us the ridge seemed to level off a little, so gathering up our fast diminishing energy we pressed on hopefully. George reached it first and his violent gesture indicated complete disgust. It was far too steep to hope to make a camp.

We crowded up together as close as the angle of the ridge would let us, and discussed things. In the next two hundred feet, the way steepened considerably and formed a great bluff with a snowy cap. We could see no camp site between us and the snowtop, and we doubted if we had the strength to reach that. But there was no question of turning back. The only thing to do was to keep going.

With faint hope, I asked Tenzing if he remembered the ground from the previous year. To our surprise he told us that he thought there was a place only fifty feet above us, but well out to the left. He and Lambert had noticed it as a possibility and he

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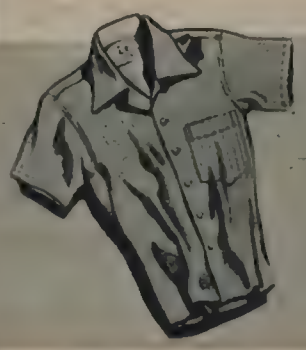

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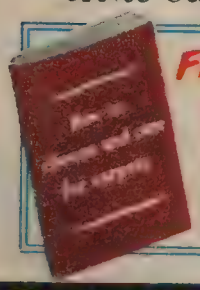

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# WHO'S WHO?

**They look alike, but their lives have been very different. From the details below, can you provide each woman with her potted biography—and her name? The answers are on page 42.**

**BORN:**
A. Sixty-six years ago in Scarborough, daughter of a baronet.
B. Seventy-two years ago in Gainsborough, daughter of a parson.

**FIRST JOB:**
C. Playing the piano.
D. Writing.

**HAS SAID:**
E. "A really beautiful face is a reflection of the person herself. No matter what a woman's features may be like, if she lives for others her face will have beauty."
F. "Do you really think that God is pink and white? When you go to Heaven, perhaps you may find that God is a coloured man."

**FAMOUS AS:**
G. A radical and histrionic Dame.
H. A queenly and poetical Dame.

---

thought he could find his way to it.

I moved aside to let Tenzing through and he led off to the left. He started over a very steep snowslope which channelled down thousands of feet to the Western Cwm.

Tenzing ploughed across the slope, throwing all his strength into making a way through hip-deep snow, and with the rest of us following unhappily but hopefully behind.

We scratched our way round a rock buttress, and up a very steep little gully from which the powder snow hissed away in a small avalanche. Then a shout and a pointed arm from Tenzing showed that we had reached his camp site. We climbed eagerly up to him, only to have our hopes crushed. His camp site was a little snow saddle, certainly flat, but with barely enough room for two of us to sit, let alone pitch a tent.

Once again we searched the great face above us. Suddenly George shouted and pointed upwards. About fifty feet up the slope there seemed to be a more promising ledge. We climbed slowly up towards it, having been disappointed too often to be really optimistic. As we got closer, my spirits rose.

### End Of Our Strength

It certainly wasn't by any means flat, but it was extensive enough and sufficiently well protected to give us a chance to make something of it. We had just about reached the limit of our strength anyway, so this would have to do. I looked at my watch—it was 2.30 p.m. I knew that the others had a long trip ahead of them down to the South Col.

"This will do," I shouted, and the others were only too eager to agree.

We disconnected our oxygen, took off our packs and started to remove the gear that was to stay up here. We had already used more oxygen than we had planned, so the descending party decided to try to get down with practically none.

Just as they were about to leave, Ang Nyima made a parting plea. He asked if he could be allowed to stay the night with us in order to help us down the next day. This demonstration of loyalty and unselfishness, from a man who was obviously going to have great difficulty in getting down at all, affected me deeply and seemed to epitomize all that is best in the Sherpas.

With a lump in my throat I thumped him on the shoulder in appreciation, and shook my head. A hearty handclasp with them all, and Gregory led off wearily down the mountain—a tired but watchful George going down last.

Tenzing and I watched them go, and I felt an intense loneliness as they clambered slowly down the mountainside, leaving us on our little ledge.

*NEXT WEEK: Tenzing and I picnic on the Summit of Everest*

*Many of the photographs in this series are reproduced by permission of the Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club of Great Britain.*

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## COULD BRITAIN BEAT OFF AN ATOMIC ATTACK?

*Continued from page 15*

parabolae that gave them a range of two hundred surface miles from their launching platforms.

Since the war, there has been intense research on these weapons on both sides of the Iron Curtain. How much higher they go, and so how much farther from their launchings they can strike, are military secrets. But it is possible to assume that already it is in the region of a thousand miles. That means that London could be attacked by a long-range guided missile with an atomic warhead from, say, East Berlin—six hundred miles away.

In the last war our ingenious enemies the Germans evolved some elaborate systems of radio control for guiding their aircraft through darkness or bad visibility on to their targets. But they were defeated by our countermeasures. Their radio control worked satisfactorily so long as their aircraft were close to the transmitters putting out the beams. But, when they got nearer Britain, our radio countermeasures prevailed, and, as it was then popularly said, "bent the beams."

That could still be done as defence against a long-range rocket, radio-guided up to the last moment.

We shall have to fight rockets with rockets. In spite of the speed and height of the rockets that may be directed against us, they can be tracked by radar, just as aircraft can.

The counter-measure will obviously be a similar rocket, which can be much more accurately controlled since it will be working close to its own radio transmitters, aimed at exploding in the high air close to the attacker. We may also discover some form of electronic bombardment which will destroy the rocket as it approaches.

Projectiles fired in defence against the enemy's missiles, if fitted with proximity fuses and charged with atomic devices, could with reasonable certainty destroy any approaching invaders in a wide area of sky. But it would be foolhardy to prophesy that one or two missiles carrying nuclear bombs would not get through, with devastating results.

The risk of even one H-bomb penetrating to and hitting London is so great that it warrants serious discussion of a dispersal of our population and industries. Something might be achieved by going underground, but nothing could be more effective than a redistribution of our people throughout the Commonwealth.

Unfortunately there seems not the slightest chance that some twenty or thirty million people will leave these comfortable islands. Our defence must be planned on the assumption that Britain will remain overcrowded, presenting vulnerable targets in large urban concentrations, and depending on long sea routes for supplies.

With the arrival of the Atomic Age, we can no longer afford a period of defeat before our resources are built


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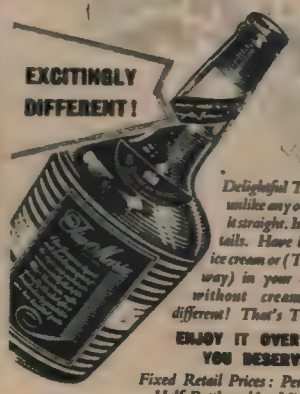

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up to a standard which will assure ultimate victory. We can no longer afford to lose every battle except the last; the first battle of a new war may in itself be also the last. Great reserves of half-trained manpower and manufacturing potential will have no bearing whatsoever on the problem. Nothing will count except the goods already in the shop window and on the shelves, ready for instant use.

The questions that matter are: What should those goods be? Of what quality? Of what quantity? And how much have we already got?

We must still be able to control sea communications, as we always have in the past. But the battle fleet, which was for four hundred years Britain's sure shield, is impotent against an atomic bomb that allows one aircraft to destroy any large assembly of warships. I do not think that we shall ever again see a battle fleet at sea, with its scouting destroyers, its cruiser screen, its proud battleships and its supporting aircraft-carriers.

### Guarding Sea Lanes

What we shall need are flotillas of light craft, on a scale never before contemplated, to deal with submarines; and some cruisers to cope with enemy cruisers and armed merchant vessels preying on our sea routes. They will all, of course, need air protection. So there must also be light aircraft carriers, as well as land-based aircraft.

In the U.S. Navy there are many people who believe that air power based on giant carriers will play a vital rôle in any future war, not only at sea, but over the land battles. I think they are optimists.

Historical analysis of the last war in the Pacific is already showing that victory was due more to land-based bombers of the U.S. Air Force than to the carrier-borne aircraft of the U.S. Navy. And a U.S. Navy historian admits that the battles of Midway and the Coral Sea were really won because, in air combat over Ceylon on April 6 and 9, 1942, a few British fighter pilots knocked out the cream of the Japanese naval pilots.

We must still, in the event of war, hold or gain large areas of land, and defend strongpoints scattered through the world, so of course we shall still need an army. What sort of army is at present a matter of hot discussion. We possess at the moment a mixed force of tanks and infantry, based on the division, and armed with conventional weapons.

Modern soldiers are thinking in terms of more manoeuvrable "combat groups"—infantry in lorries, tanks, motorized guns, backed by helicopters for communications, and aircraft for supplies. And there can be no doubt that some of the army's weapons must be atomic.

### The Hope For Peace

The immediate job of the air force is quite clear. It has first to defend these islands against enemy bombers or guided missiles, either with fighters or with projectiles of the Nike type. It has also to provide a bomber force—to be replaced in the future, perhaps, by long-range guided missiles of our own—capable of instant retaliation on the enemy's homeland with the weapons of mass destruction; with A- or H-bombs.

Upon the existence of that bomber force, which need not be large, depends the strongest hope for peace. It is the great deterrent which can prevent war from breaking out.

Thus we come to the last vital question: How much of what we need have we already got?

Since the threat of Russian aggression became clear, the Western nations have not been idle. The Americans have led the world in the construction of the bombs of mass destruction, and have set up a strategic bomber force capable of delivering them anywhere on the globe. They have mobilized a substantial army, equipped with atomic cannon and rockets for use in the battlefield. They have a powerful navy composed, as to capital ships, of huge aircraft-carriers of 60,000 tons displacement, and of heavy cruisers and anti-submarine craft in great numbers. Their research organizations have created, and continue to create, new and startling missiles such as Nike; some of these are in considerable production. The United States is fortunate to have the men and the money to raise this formidable array.

In Britain, progress has been slower. We finished the Hitler war in a bad financial situation, and we have taken some time to recover. We could not afford to embark on a rearmament programme on the American scale. Above all, we could not afford to make mistakes. It must be easier for us to go ahead now that the pattern of modern armaments becomes clearer.

There have certainly been hesitations and confusions of a baffling and reprehensible kind in view of the very large sums that have been spent. It is quite clear that, for our air defence, we have neither the aircraft nor the equipment, in Service use, to meet the existing threat.

Above all we must be asking what we are getting for the expenditure of money and effort on the production of guided missiles, both for offence and defence. Nearly all our great armaments firms, particularly those engaged in the aircraft industry, have been working on them for years. In Wales, and at Woomera in Australia, the products of this research have been tested in conditions resembling those of active service.

In 1947 I myself first became interested in methods of controlling guided missiles in flight, and a colleague and I had some contact with one or two of these armament firms. Since then there have been eight years of research on guided missiles. What is there to show for it? Where are the British equivalents of Nike, of Honest John, of Corporal? It was disturbing to learn last month that we are to buy Corporals, the guided ground-to-ground missiles, from America.

If Britain now stood alone, we should have good cause for anxiety. Fortunately, we do not stand alone. America possesses what is required and is prepared, if war should come, to use it.

### Pattern Of Defence

Fortunately, too, there are indications that in the fairly near future we shall have built up our own strength. This year's White Paper on defence showed the pattern. The weapons for our air defence cannot be much longer deferred. We are planning a bomber force, which need not be large, on the V series of aircraft—the Valiant, Victor and Vulcan—of which the first is coming into squadron service this year. All these aircraft are capable of carrying weapons of mass destruction far enough into enemy territory to constitute a major deterrent to aggression.

Of those weapons themselves, we already have the A-bomb, and are soon to have the H-bomb. On land a new model army is emerging which is magnificently trained, though as yet without atomic cannon or projectiles. The navy is going through a difficult period of development, but it now possesses sufficient carriers and escort vessels to bear the first shock of a seaborne attack, and hold it until the American fleet can arrive. Soon we should see a really modern navy, capable of taking its share in the defence of the sea communications of the Commonwealth and Empire.

Though, undoubtedly, Britain is now weak, and dependent on the strength of the United States for its security, it should not be long before we can take our place as a really powerful partner in Nato.

THE END

## WHO'S WHO?

**A D F H are the clues on page 41 which help to identify the woman on the left as Dame Edith Sitwell, poet, historian, biographer and lecturer. She is known as "Queen Edith" because of her "grand manner."**

**B C E G identify the woman on the right as Dame Sybil Thorndike, the actress.**

"This is the New Forest"

## THE LITTLE WALLS

*Continued from page 19*

followed us round. "Also these great columns, borne here from mighty Paestum . . ."

"That's much more interesting than anything I can tell you," she said. "I was born in England of English parents. My favourite colour is green and I like eating cheese with grapes. Look at those mosaics . . . Have you ever seen the mosaics at Ravenna? I went there three years ago. The town is dull, dusty, depressing; not like Florence. Florence is the happiest town in Italy. I'd like to live there, wouldn't you?"

"May I call you Leonie?" I said.

"I thought that would be taken for granted. Everything else has."

"You think I'm rushing my fences?"

"Don't you?"

"Yes," I said.

"But then I suppose this is so much a normal routine that you don't see it in the same way. What is the name for those pulpits? Is it ambos? If——"

"Ambos," said the little man, following, encouraged. "Very ancient, on both sides of the high altar, see? When the cathedral was built in 1204, these ambos . . ."

"Would it surprise you," I said, "if I told you I've never made this sort of approach to a woman before?"

She was silent for a while. "I believe we should go back. Charles said they wouldn't be long."

On the opposite hill a church bell was ringing again, strident, scolding; another began nearer at hand, then a third.

I said: "Charles Sanbergh's a lucky man to own such a fine yacht."

"He is, isn't he?"

"You're old friends, I suppose."

"No."

I watched her face. "Are you staying long in Italy?"

"I haven't decided. And you?"

I SAID: "Well, I don't know how long I shall be able to stay. I have some business commitments, and, of course, there's always a currency problem."

"Perhaps if you paint Charlotte Weber your currency problem will be solved."

"Who told you I was going to?"

"A friend."

"Well, it isn't at all decided."

"I'm told you like to paint women who show the lines of gracious living and that you're not interested in flat, insipid faces like mine, with no character or breeding about them."

We got to the door of the church.

"The cloister," said the little man despairingly. "*Chiostro del Paradiso.* A small fee only . . ."

I gave him two hundred lire. "Your friend da Cossa," I said to Leonie, "has all the talents of a back-stage gossip. I wonder what Jane Porringer sees in him."

We were out in the daylight again. Below us, as siesta time was over, the shadowed town was coming to life. Leonie Winter stared across at it, her eyes wide, alert, extra brilliant.

"What does anyone see in anyone? Do any of us know what we want or see anything clearly until it's too late?"

"No doubt you're right."

"Right and trite . . . Are you married?"

"No."

"Not even once?"

"Not even once." Something made me add: "I did intend to be, but things wouldn't work out. . . . So my record is most modest compared with yours."

SHE blinked then, as if coming out of a deep and unattractive memory. "Oh . . . yes. My record. Dossier perhaps. Is that the better word? . . ." She turned the spotlight on me again. "What went wrong?"

I shrugged. "I don't know. Money came into it. At the time I was bedevilled by a lack of it. One thing led to another. She was wise enough to see the red light in time. . . ." I stopped, a bit surprised that I had said so much. "But it was all very ordinary. Its only uniqueness was that it happened to me."

We came to the head of the great flight of steps. Two young Italians coming up the steps stared avidly at her. Overhead, in the high sky, some birds were twittering. The bells had stopped.

She said: "They'll be waiting for us," and began to patter quickly down the steps. I found, however hard I tried, I couldn't keep up with her, and when she reached the bottom she was two dozen steps ahead. She stopped and looked at me and smiled. It was the first time she had smiled at me, but her eyes were only flecked on the surface by amusement. Underneath was something deep and, I thought, rather unhappy.

That evening I wrote to Coxon.

Dear Martin,

Thanks to some part of the "underground" you stirred up in Holland, I have located the Leonie of Grevil's letter—and, I'm almost certain, Buckingham with her. But before I make any further move I must have your identification. Without it nothing can come to the boil.

Can you fly out or train out one day this week? I should be so grateful if you could. I'm enclosing a cheque which should pay expenses and enable you to pick up what foreign exchange is left to you. I have some more here, so we can manage.

Regards,
Philip.

On the way home Charlotte Weber


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***It's The Custom . . . in HALLATON***

*There is beer in the keg: after the game it will be drunk*

# Bottle kicking—the roughest sport

IN 1952, Eric Ghent, a young railway fireman, was nearly drowned during the Bottle Kicking at Hallaton, in Leicestershire. "I was tackled in the brook," he says, "and I lay there with two dozen players on top of me, fighting for the keg. Only my nose and mouth were above water. I thought I'd had it."

Hallaton holds its Hare Pie Scramble and Bottle Kicking every Easter Monday. A church service is held in the morning, and after lunch a procession, headed by a brass band, goes from the Fox Inn to the rectory. The rector produces a great eighteen-inch square pie of hare or some other meat and cuts it up into pieces. Some of these pieces are put into a sack. The rest are distributed to the crowd.

From the rectory, the procession returns to the Fox, where it re-forms, and then takes the pie and the "bottles"—three beer kegs—through the village to Hare Pie Bank.

Here the sack is emptied. The pieces of pie are snatched up as trophies, or used to knock off visitors' hats.

After this Scramble, the Bottle Kicking is held. It is a struggle between the villages of Hallaton and Medbourne. There are three games, one with each bottle. Each team—there is no limit on their numbers—strives to get the Bottle over its own brook. If it does this, it wins that game. The team that wins at least two of the games drinks the beer in the kegs.

"It tastes terrible by then," says Frederick Payne, who is sixty-four, and played in his first Bottle Kicking in 1908 and in his last only three years ago. He has carried more Bottles over the Hallaton brook than anyone else living, but the distinction has cost him three broken ribs, four broken fingers and a dislocated neck. "The vet put my neck back for me," he says.

No one knows when the Bottle Kicking started. Like the Scramble, it is a relic of some pagan custom.

During the Bottle Kicking, which sometimes lasts five hours, old grudges are worked off and fights settled. There are no rules.

Once, the Medbourne team persuaded a train driver to shunt an engine to the embankment near their brook. They hoped to get the bottles aboard and whisk them off to their village, two miles away. They got as far as the embankment—but no farther.

Payne calls the Bottle Kicking the roughest sport there is. Once, his trousers were ripped to shreds in the play. He had to stand chest-deep in the brook while his wife, Alice, passed down safety pins to make him decent again.

had casually mentioned the sketches I proposed to make of her, so it was necessary for me to suggest I might go round the following morning and begin. She'd spoken in front of Sanbergh. Da Cossa was there too, and though I didn't know quite where he fitted in it was plain that he didn't propose to fit in with me. I looked on him rather as Sanbergh's jackal, and if anything more full of enmity than the lion.

After breakfast I did some more of Grevil's notes. I had brought his diary with me. The shorthand was very rough, and here and there he used abbreviations of his own, so that it all took a considerable time. But I came on one interesting entry right away.

"Heard Pangkal no better. Much miss his painstaking efficiency, all the peculiar merits of the studious Asiatic. Buckingham no substitute, though he handles the diggers well.

"Have never met anyone like B. He argues that what is called crime is biologically natural. I tell him he's still in intellectual rompers. We have tremendous conversations.

"Jack's keen, alert brain is quite admirable foil. He brings to everything he tackles intense intellectual curiosity that for a short time sweeps everything before it. Flaw is in the word 'short'. With his talents he should have got anywhere; instead nowhere. His brain is much too good to be running the way it is. Somewhere he went off the rails, and if one could find that point. . . . Of course, the way to put him right is to prove him wrong!"

CHARLOTTE WEBER fiddled with the scarf round her neck. "You should be out swimmin' and divin'," she said. "Wasting the days on me. Make hay, etc."

"I was in California until the beginning of the month, so missing a day's sun won't hurt me."

"In California. I surely love the beaches there. Not that I've ever been, but the postcards one's friends send. What were you doing?"

I told her about my job while I began to get the first rough lines on paper. Then I said: "Tell me about Leonie Winter. You promised. Have you known her long?"

"Dear Leonie? Oh yes. I met her first at Cannes just after the war; that is, the season when things began to start up again. I remember the collaborators were still being sorted out. Like laundry that's got mixed. But even that was better than the year before. The year before, you'd call to see your old friend Raoul and find him hangin' from his chandelier. Embarrassin'. It always upsets me to see my friends in trouble, even when they've been naughty."

"You met Leonie?" I prompted.

"She was representing Great Britain in some swimming contest. She was seventeen or eighteen then, I suppose. Didn't you ever hear of Leonie Hardwick? I saw her once or twice after that and kept pressin' her to come and stay but she never would or could. Life's so complicated for the young."

"Maybe she was busy with her various husbands."

"Husbands?" Mme Weber turned her head. "No, I'm the one with the husbands, dear. Overwhelmin' when one thinks. Girls should be warned when young. Marriage is habit forming. But Leonie's only had one so far."

"She was talking about several yesterday."

"You must have provoked her. She's quick-witted with her tongue when provoked. It's a good failin'. You didn't believe her, did you?"

"What happened to the one?"

"He died. It was that bad summer for polio in England. They all caught it. Leonie got over it quickly—just left her with that slight stammer—but Tom Winter and the baby both died. I felt very angry when I heard."

"Angry?"

"So many scoundrels left in the world. Deplorable. Fate should know its business better."

FOR a moment I stared at the sketch and then I slipped it quietly behind and began again. "D'you mind bringing your head up? Thanks. Not too much. Right."

"She gave up serious swimming when she married and never took it up again. I rather lost sight of the dear girl until she wired me to know if she could come and stay. Why is one flattered by the attentions of the young?"

"And Captain Sanbergh?"

"Can I move my shoulder? I'm having cramp."

"Of course. We'll stop for a few minutes. Get up and walk about."

"No, really very comfortable. This chair is Venetian: I like to think one of the Doges sat in it. What were you telling me about Charles?"

"I wondered if you'd known him long?"

"Oh, God, yes. A lifetime." She sighed. "Dear Charles. So kind, so reassuring. A man like that. One forgets one is more than half a hundred years old."

I sketched for a bit in silence. "Does he live here all the time?"

"Who? Charles? I'd say not. He's been away all winter. . . . Have you ever done a self-portrait? Must be interestin'."

I saw that she was not prepared to talk about Sanbergh. "No," I said after a second. "I don't think it would be very interesting."

"What! Not with a face like yours? *I'd* want to. Sincerity, insight, steadfastness of purpose; they're all there—and eyes, restless but *very* seeing. Should say you were bitter but softhearted. Interestin' disharmony. Well worth a pot of paint."

I smiled but didn't reply. Presently I said: "You're not an American, are you?"

"Do I look it? Improbable. What makes you ask?"

"Some turns of speech. And then——"

"I'm part Italian, part Danish with

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a lot of other things in back. One grandmother was a Scot and the other a Serb. No chance at the Kennel Club?" She pulled her scarf round. "My last husband was an American. Dear Sam. He spelt his name Webber and with two B's. But when he died I dropped one and pronounced it the European way—I hope he doesn't mind."

There was silence for a time. I said: "Tell me, when you heard—when you were told you hadn't long to live, did it ever occur to you to take your own life?"

"No. . . . No, I don't think so. I was too busy. Think of the arrangin' to be done. Tidyin' up. Codicils. If you're going to be cheated out of twenty years, why give up the last twenty months?"

"Provided there's any part of it you can enjoy."

"Well, yes. There nearly always is. I thoroughly enjoyed mine. Why sulk?"

I worked for about another hour and by then had made a fairly satisfactory sketch. At least, it seemed satisfactory to me. I suppose I was like someone who hasn't played tennis for years; you go on a court and are pleasantly surprised you can still play at all.

By now it was past noon and the sun was creeping round to the loggia where we'd been sitting. Mme Weber invited me to lunch, but I refused. I didn't want to sponge more than necessary.

So she excused herself. Leaning on her stick, tapping across the tiled floor, she left me, having told me to take another glass of sherry before I went.

I leaned on the balcony. There was more wind this morning: the leaves of the palmettoes and the tree ferns fluttered and rustled in the garden like old men reading newspapers. Overhead was high cloud and the smear of an aeroplane. Mme Weber's footsteps receded into silence. The house was very quiet.

She had two servants. I wondered where they were now. I picked up my sketch and stared at it. I laid the other sheets on top of it and rolled them into a funnel and put them in my pocket. Then I went into the house.

In the white hall, shallow stairs with a square stone balustrade led up to the first floor. I picked up a copy of the *New York Times* and stared at the headlines. Now, very faintly, one could catch the sound of voices. They came from the kitchen. The two servants were in there.

I went up the stairs.

THE window at which I had seen Leonie was the end one above the drawing-room. So the bedroom should be the end door. The white passage had flush doors with brass lever handles: this all looked new as if it had been re-done very recently. I tried the last door and went in.

To begin ransacking a strange house at midday is probably not the most cautious of moves, but all day today I'd felt the need to force the pace. Yes, it was Leonie's bedroom. That very faint scent, and there were sandals I recognized, and a scarf, and on the lower half of the shutters a green swimsuit. On a folding rest of canvas and wood was a suitcase. I went to it and saw the K.L.M. label still tied to the handle, Amsterdam to Rome. With a feeling as if I was doing something rather unpleasant, I flipped back the catches and lifted the lid.

The case was about a quarter full, some underclothes, nylon stockings, a beret, a girdle; in the pockets, papers. I ran rapidly through them: map of Rome, a few receipted hotel bills, among them one for four nights at the Hotel Doelen, Amsterdam; passport, issued four years ago in London. Helen Joyce Winter; maiden name, Hardwick; profession, married woman; born Cambridge, March 1, 1929; residence 9 Granville Gardens, Maidenhead; height 5 ft. 7 in.; eyes, hazel; hair, brown; special peculiarities, none.

She'd lost weight since her photograph, changed. Her face looked rounded, girlish, the expression unformed, innocent, secure.

As I was going to close the case I saw three or four unlaundered handkerchiefs at the bottom, and one looked bigger than the rest. I picked it out. On the corner was a familiar monogram: G.T.

I GLANCED quickly at my watch. Twenty minutes after twelve. Still time. The dressing-table. Here all the usual things. Nail varnish, cigarettes, scissors, hairbrush, a freckle of spilt powder from a Chanel box, that was the scent; needle and a reel of silk thread. In the drawers a gold bracelet, a garnet necklace, a flimsy nightdress—a writing pad with a letter unfinished in it.

Dear Mummy,

So glad to have your letter—I've been intending to write every day. I have been here a fortnight already and am feeling so very much better, more relaxed, able to let go, and I think able to see things straight for the first time. One good thing—Holland ended everything. Although it didn't seem so at the time, perhaps it was better that way, the way it worked out. Nothing could be more final. Now perhaps I shall be able to plan again.

Thank you for not giving away my address. I think I shall stay here just as long as Mme Weber will put up with me. I've done more swimming these last weeks than since before I married Tom, and the weather has been perfect. Last night I slept seven hours. It's a completely feckless life, everybody lazes about and eats and drinks and smokes and gossips. There's no *point* to it—it's not going anywhere, but that suits me just now. One has ample time to think—and just doesn't want to. So stop worrying about me. I'm really all right.

The broom is coming out and the slopes of the island are yellow with it. There are geraniums in flower all the way beside the funicular. Very few tourists yet. If there should be a sudden influx next month——

The letter stopped there. *One good thing, Holland ended everything. Perhaps it was better that way.* With Grevil's swollen body floating in a canal? With his wife and daughter bereaved and all the promise of his career flung away?

There was a movement by the door. I turned sharply. Nicolo da Cossa was standing watching me.

*To be continued next week*

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

## Raffles and the innocents abroad

*BARRY PEROWNE'S debonair hero in a gay adventure on the Riviera*

## BRIAN TESLER CAPTURES TV—BY SURPRISE

*Continued from page 25*

out of its box but, frightened by the lights and the noise, jumped back in again. Tesler did what he could to stimulate excitement by giving pictures of the audience sitting nervously on the edges of their seats, watching.

Tesler takes his whole job in a mood of excitability. Up in the gallery, where he sits with the three monitor screens to direct the cameras and select shots for transmission, he behaves tensely, leaning forward in nervous excitement, snapping his fingers to indicate camera changes, and laughing and applauding with the audience. In this way he works himself up to pick sudden, unexpected shots.

When an elderly member of a women's choir lost her place in a song, Tesler cut to a close-up of her peeping down at her crib card. When another old woman dried up in the middle of a poem she was reciting for Wilfred Pickles, Tesler showed viewers a picture of Wilfred surreptitiously prompting her.

### A Passion For Work

Tesler has not gained his golden-boy reputation merely by stunts and excitable moments. Behind it all lies his passion for work.

Of the thousands of request letters that arrive for *Ask Pickles*, Tesler insists on reading the most interesting five hundred each week. On a recent holiday he spent the first three days preparing programme items, attending a producers' conference, reading letters and dictating scripts. He went to Brighton for the rest of his holiday, but kept in daily touch with his office, watched other television shows, and discovered, at a local theatre, a variety act which he could use later.

Tesler, a bachelor, was educated at a London County Council elementary school and at Chiswick County School for Boys. During his national service he became an announcer on the Forces' Broadcasting Network in Trieste, when the first signs of the Tesler technique began to show.

To brighten a routine disc-jockey programme, he hid on a mountain overlooking the city, gave listeners some clues to his whereabouts between records, and challenged them to find him. An Englishman, thoughtfully carrying a case of beer, got there before the programme ended.

### His Panic Was A Hoax

Encouraged by the success of this stunt, Tesler later promised to parachute on to an open-air night club on top of a castle, with broadcasting equipment strapped to his back. As the broadcast started, listeners heard his voice fill with panic as he was blown off course, and the commentary finished with a shrill scream and a splash as he dropped into the Adriatic.

Many listeners telephoned anxiously to inquire whether he was safe. He was. The whole thing had been faked in the studio, which he had not left.

When his national service ended, Tesler went to Oxford. But, as an undergraduate, he was no mere swot. He put on student plays, revues and cabaret, and, with a friend, Stanley Myers, wrote songs which they peddled to publishers.

When he came down from Oxford, Tesler continued to scrape a living by writing songs, but abandoned this career for the B.B.C. He began in light entertainment, but soon switched to panel games, with the unofficial B.B.C. title of Quiz Kid.

Even this strenuous assignment does not absorb all his zest for boyish surprise. He still has some left over for private life. A woman friend is still liable to be rung up on her birthday by telephone operators who, encouraged by Tesler in the background, sing her serenades. And he is very fond of a toy cat which his secretary gave him for Christmas.

"Its eyes and mouth light up," she explains, "and he can flash it at people in the dark." THE END


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## DEVIL AND THE DEEP

*Continued from page 13*

a crisp, swirling skirt with broad blue and white stripes. The casual check shirt looked boyish, but there was a curve of collar and sleeves that stressed her femininity.

"They brought some of the luggage in this morning and I was able to find my case. That's the best of nylon. It dries out so quickly."

She smoothed her dress as she sat down, and then paused, staring at my feet.

"No wonder you're sneezing! Why, your shoes are soaking wet!"

Her concern was real and I tucked my feet out of sight under the chair.

"I went a bit too near the water and a wave surprised me. They'll soon dry out in this sun." I made my voice sound casual.

"You don't look as if you slept much last night."

"I didn't. I spent most of the night thinking about you." It was partly true and I was able to meet her eye.

She gazed back very intently, then deliberately broke the spell and looked past me at the sea. "Poor you, it's a worrying time, I'm sure. Have you been to identify your uncle?"

"Yes, that's done, thank heaven. I suppose you'll soon be able to get at your serums."

"I'm afraid not. They brought me word that everything in the lower luggage compartment is crushed. So that's that."

There was an uncomfortable feeling of restraint between us, quite unlike the instant understanding we had felt the evening before. I knew the reason for it; I was not telling her the truth.

I said: "In that case I suppose you won't be going on to England."

"Oh, yes. I shall go on all the same."

"Then we might travel together. I'm going back, too."

I made the suggestion as tentatively as if I'd been proposing a weekend in Paris. She met my eyes seriously for a good ten seconds. Then that eyebrow quivered and in an instant we were both smiling.

"Yes, I'd like that."

We took the train to Dublin that afternoon and flew to London next morning. Being with Clare for all those hours made me feel happy in a way I had never known before. We were crossing the Welsh coast when she said: "You're very silent, Barney. What are you thinking about?"

"There's something I'm going to have to tell you. I'm afraid you're not going to like it very much."

"Is it about you?"

"Yes."

"Then I don't think I shall mind hearing it."

So I told her about myself. How the magistrates had taken away my licence and fined me £30 after an accident at night which I knew wasn't my fault; how my savings and my job as a salesman had gone overboard. Then, just as I was feeling bitter, my meeting Geordie. He'd put me in the way of easy money and in a month I'd made more than in a whole year as a salesman, and all tax free.

"It wasn't exactly crooked. The only people who lost by what we did were the Customs people, who could well afford it."

Clare had turned her face to look out of the window. She was listening very carefully but I could not see her reaction.

"I just had to tell you this, Clare. You see, the funny thing is I feel quite differently since I met you. I feel I want to give all this sort of thing up."

"Even the two thousand pounds?"

"I can't do that. You see, I undertook to finish this job and accepted the advance. And I promised Geordie two hundred pounds. I've got to hand over those shoes."

"Yes. I see that. Where does this Mr. Madrigal live?"

"Chessington Mews, off Brett Street. I reckon if anyone earned two thousand smackers I did. You can't imagine what it was like down in that wreck. I'll take the money, but I'm going to use it to start up my own business."

Clare was silent and very thoughtful. This was what I'd been afraid of—that when I'd told her she would feel different about me.

"Clare."

"Yes, Barney."

"Am I going to see you again after this?"

"Do you want to?"

"More than anything else in the world."

"Then of course you will." She blinked quickly and I saw to my astonishment that her eyes were moist. "And in case you're worried—what you've just told me makes me love you even more."

I had made up my mind that I was going to ask Clare to marry me, but first of all I wanted to be shot of the Madrigal business. I left her at London Airport. She had some important telephone calls to make and I wanted to pick up Geordie and take him along to see fair play at Madrigal's place.

I had difficulty in running him to ground. It was afternoon before I eventually found him in a pub in the King's Road. He was badly rattled.

"I'm lying low," he told me. "The heat's on. The cops were round at Madrigal's place an hour or two ago. They've arrested him and most of his crowd. That means they've enough evidence to charge him at last. Well, he's had it coming to him. Shouldn't be surprised if he gets fifteen years."

When I reached my lodgings I took the famous shoes off and for the first time subjected them to close scrutiny. Up till now I'd felt that the less I knew about them the better. But, of course, they were worth many times more than £2,000 and now that Mr. Madrigal was not able to take delivery. . . .

The unusually high quality of the nails in the heel attracted my attention. I pressed several of them with the tip of my pocket knife. There was a click and the end of a small tray emerged. It had been concealed in the centre portion of the heel and could be pulled out towards the toe. A fine silk cover lay over the top. I lifted it off and gaped. My hands were trembling as I tried the other shoe. The same thing happened.

A quarter of an hour later, with the shoes on my feet again, I was riding in a taxi to Clare's hotel. I reckoned I could afford these luxuries from now on. The desk clerk rang through to Clare's room. She asked him to send me up.

I found her waiting impatiently.

"What's happened, Barney? Did you get your money?"

"Just wait till you see this."

I took the shoes off, slid the trays out and laid them on her dressing table.

"There! What do you think of those? They must be worth fifty thousand at least."

Clare stared glumly at the sparkling stones. She didn't seem able to grasp just how much this meant.

"What are you going to do with them, Barney?"

I told her the set-up, how Madrigal was out of the way and Geordie would help me to sell them.

"We won't get the full value, of course, but even half what they're worth will set us up for life."

Clare sat down on the bed. She ought to have been cheering and instead she looked as if she might burst into tears.

"Us, Barney? I thought you said you wanted to give all this up."

"I do. But I'm entitled to some return after what I went through. Anyone who turned down a chance like this would be mad. It's manna from heaven. Straight in my lap and practically no risks involved."

"You can't be sure of that, Barney. The Customs people may not be such fools as you imagine."

I talked for ten minutes, trying to make her see reason. In the end I said: "Don't you want to be rich? Wouldn't you like to own a lovely home, furs, cars, jewels?"

Clare stood up and put her arms

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## OH, JOHNNY! by TIM

round my neck. "Barney, do you remember that walk in the twilight at Kildoran?"

"I shall never forget it."

"How much did it cost?"

I thought that was not fair and tried to take her arms away, but she wouldn't let me.

"Listen, Barney. I love you. Truly I do. But if you take those diamonds it will be all over between you and me."

SHE was very tense and her cheeks were almost white. I walked to the window and looked down into the street. This was the moment which would decide the rest of my life. I turned and stared at the diamonds. I could toil for a lifetime and never win half of what they would bring.

Then my eyes swung to Clare, standing watching me with curious tenseness. Her eyes were bright, her mouth trembling. . . . I said: "Darling," and she came towards me radiantly.

When we recovered our senses, I said: "But what am I going to do with these diamonds? I can't very well walk into the nearest police station and say I pinched a pair of shoes and these were in them."

"Just leave that to me," Clare said. She went to the telephone and called the hotel switchboard.

"Operator. Would you get me Whitehall 1212, please?"

"Clare! Wait a minute! That's the Scotland Yard number. You don't realize what you're doing."

All she did was wave a hand to silence me. "Scotland Yard? Extension 1305, please. . . . Is that Superintendent Wigan? You were out when I telephoned this morning, but I spoke to an inspector. . . . Yes, my name's Clare Penfold. I think you've had a message from the F.B.I. about me. I've been working with your Customs people on this Madrigal case. . . ."

She turned to shoot a look of alarm at me as I collapsed into an easy chair.

"Yes, everything worked out all right. I got hold of the shoes when they brought the bodies ashore. The diamonds are there all right. . . . Yes, I can bring them along at once. Oh, and Superintendent—you don't mind if my fiancé comes, too? I'll feel safer with an escort."

She replaced the receiver and stood with her hand on top of it, looking down at me with the smile which had just cost me £50,000.

I thought it was a fair enough bargain. THE END

## THE GIRL CHILD

*Continued from page 28*

take the last of ten sleepers and not even wake the nine he passed.

What were they doing down at the pilgrim camp? Amma became conscious enough to pray that her father would stay there. If he had found too many men down there, he would not have been able to invite them all into the village for the night. They would have had to build themselves what protection they could and perhaps he had stayed to help them cut thorn for fences and wood for fuel.

From the thatch just over her shrinking body came the squeak and rustle of squirrels coming alive again after the fright they'd had.

The leopard rose. He trotted swiftly out of the door.

Next minute she heard him on the roof close above her. He began to tear his way through the thatch and the strong bamboos, working layer by layer, to uncover her.

Suddenly, through the broken door, Amma saw lanterns dancing between the trees, and heard bells being rattled loudly as her father returned with the pilgrims to his house.

When they got nearer, she shouted out loudly, "Father! *Father!*" above the approaching din.

All the noise stopped.

"Daughter?"

"Father, do not come home. The leopard is here."

There was a pandemonium of shouts and screams and dropped bells as the terrified pilgrims scattered into the jungle.

One light jogged forward.

"*Daughter——*"

She heard the leopard leave the roof in two bounding thuds.

There came the flame and roar of the flintlock going off. Silence. Another explosion as her father loaded and fired again.

For a moment her deafened ears could hear nothing. A cloud of gunpowder drifted into the house. Then came such a shout that her ears began to ring.

"The leopard is dead. He is dead, the evil one—*dead—dead—dead—dead—*"

ALL the doors in the village burst open, and the people came streaming out with torches flaring, to spit upon the spotted carcass, and sling it to a pole. To carry it in procession—in the flame and smell and smoke and victory of torches through the village, and tomorrow through other villages, to spread far and wide the glad tidings of deliverance.

And little Amma, shivering with fever, hung about the fringe of the happy crowds, and adored and admired her hero father who had killed the devil.

But she didn't say anything because she was, after all, only a girl child, not a son, and therefore—though he loved her dearly—a great disappointment to him. THE END

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### THIS WAY TO THE PRIZE-LIST

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

| | |
|---|---|
| John's Dream | Hailed As A Hero |
| Spirit Of Friendship | Another Casualty |
| Peace Through Strength | In The Showroom |
| Political Dogfight | The Worst Of It |
| Man Who's Busy | Sleepytown's Bookie |
| The Communist Cooks | With A Stop-watch |
| Through The Mist | Bucket Of Whitewash |
| Ruthless | No Longer Possible |
| Fiend For Speed | So Soothing |
| Like A Prison | Quiet Game Of Marbles |

**Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions**

| | |
|---|---|
| Crisis At The..... | A Happy..... |
| Looking For..... | Too Easily ..... |
| .....Of The New Age | Somebody Shouted "...!" And |

EXAMPLE ..... |6d.

BULLET

EX ..... |6d.

B

EX. ..... |6d.

B.

EX. ..... |6d.

B.

EX. ..... |6d.

B.

**SURREY FOWLS** A fine roasting fowl accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

**1,983**

Closing Postmark MONDAY, APR. 18

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value ..... No. .....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

**GET YOUR "BULLETIN"—FOUR PAGES OF "BULLETS" AID**

With this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) send P.O. 1s. for six weeks' "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* at REDUCED SERIES RATE—first copy dated April 30. Every issue contains extra *Bullets* winners to guide you to success.

P.O. 1s. No. .....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

796

**FREE!** New entrants simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

### Chief Winners No. 1,978

FIRST PRIZE, £1,000 plus £200 Ideal Kitchen: L. Hall, 17 Fitzwilliam Street, Mablethorpe, Lincs:

**Memorial Of The World To Fleming, Penicillin "Tablet."**

£50: L. S. Gifford, 21 Petherton Gardens, Hengrove, Bristol: ADOLESCENCE OF THE WORLD—OVER BY TWENTY-FIRST *Century*?

£25: E. F. Beevers, 125 College Road, Bradford: BLUEBELLS BEFORE US—BLUES BEHIND US—SPRING!

OTHER AWARDS. £15: Mrs. M. Lee, "Ormsby," Benvenue Avenue, Eastwood, Southend-on-Sea: WAY TO RUN A RAILWAY—OVER WAGES "MOUNTAINS"—PROBLEM. £10: Mrs. C. Benson, 23 Lemon Grove, Loddon, Norfolk: THE PRICE OF COMMODITIES—PUNCTURE WITH "SHARPER" SHOPPING! £5: Mrs. V. J. Hancock, "Wycarn," Carngrey, St. Austell: THE REAL ME—"KALEIDOSCOPE" NEEDING OCCASIONAL "SHAKE." £5: Mrs. L. Hesketh, 44 Adlam Road, Liverpool: THE BUDS ARE BURSTING AND—SIGNALLING "SHUT UP, PESSIMISTS!" £5: A. V. Hibbert, 11 Oakwood Avenue, Audenshaw: EVER BEFORE US—GATE "SHEPHERD" LEFT OPEN. £5: J. B. Taylor, "Highgate," New Road, Armitage, Rugeley: WAY TO RUN A HOME—TELL MISSUS—THEN RUN! £5: W. B. Whitaker, 18 Hillcrest Road, Barnstaple: DENTIST BUTLER—ENCOURAGING TRADE, DISTRIBUTING "SWEETS"?

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 25 Prizes of £1 and 3,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

**RULES** 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated May 7 and in JOHN BULL dated May 14, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

**(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, April 30, for early news of No. 1,983 result.)**

### POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,983, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

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